

## RELIGION AND THE WAR

IT was inevitable that the question how to reconcile the divine omnipotence with the divine goodness should be raised in connexion with a war like the present, and it has been raised in an article, appropriately signed "Y," that appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* for August 28th, and led to a correspondence which went on in that paper for some weeks. The article referred to put the case fairly well from the negative side, but drew the hopeless conclusion that there is a God but He is not omnipotent. Among the letters that followed, one from Lord Halifax gave a good statement of the Christian Doctrine, but did not attempt to go to the root of the philosophical difficulty. Otherwise these letters did not much advance the discussion, though, on the whole, they manifested a Christian spirit beyond what one would have expected. It was too clear that none of them had any firm grasp of the question. It is indeed a question that cannot be satisfactorily dealt with except on the principles that Catholic theologians have laid down, and it is for this reason that we are proposing to make some notes on the subject, in the form of a comment on the *Westminster Gazette* article.

We may at least agree with "Y" that there is "nothing in the present war except its scale which raises this issue more acutely than the common incidents of our everyday life," also that "the scale makes a difference," inasmuch as what before was occasional and incidental, becomes suddenly normal and universal, whole nations being now "swept on to a plane of being in which justice and injustice, innocence and guilt are merged into a vast torrent of aimless violence," so that "no one who has seen the agonies of the battle-field or the desolation behind the battle-field can ever again evade the sharp challenge to heart and intellect which this experience will bring him."

This writer goes on to tell us that in the last few months he has "listened to many sermons, read many articles, pamphlets and books in which divines and philosophers have endeavoured to plumb these deep waters"; and he states in the following nine propositions "the principles he has found in them":

1. That God is responsible for good but not for evil. He

is always and everywhere combating evil, but He cannot save us from evil except at the cost of extinguishing good, for evil is only the other side of good.

2. That God chasteneth whom He loveth, and that the sufferings of these times are proof of His care and love for us.

3. That God is punishing us for our sins, our sloth, our luxury, our neglect of religion, our materialism.

4. That death and suffering are not really evils but only seem so. That the lads and young men who have fallen in battle are the special objects of God's favour, and have received the reward reserved for the blessed.

5. That God guards the right, and we may trust Him to bring victory to our arms. [One preacher says that if the Germans won he would not preach another sermon or open his Bible again.]

6. That it is presumptuous to say what in the eyes of God is right or wrong in this human struggle. He may see it from a point of view which corresponds to none of our earthly tests.

[From that point of view, says one preacher, "we may all be wrong, and the only right which God may approve in us is that of holding firmly and, if need be, giving our lives for that fragment of truth which may be revealed to us." In that sense God equally approves the German who is loyal to his nation and the Englishman who is loyal to England.]

7. That the ways of God are unfathomable, and that we must walk in faith and believe that things are somehow good.

8. That to the King of the illimitable universe the most gigantic conflict in this world must be less than the struggle of microbes on a speck of dust.

9. That might is right, but "God sees to it that might in the long run is on the side of right."—[Attributed to Carlyle.]

These are what "Y" has understood to be the meaning of the several preachers and writers he has listened to. His general reflection on them is given in the following passage:

Some of the preachers try each argument in turn. Others combine contradictions, but use a maze of words to conceal the gaps: others discourse fervently on the love of God but attribute to Him processes which cannot be reconciled with any belief in His benevolence. You read or listen to a whole host of arguments consecrated by generations of pulpit usage, and are suddenly and for the first time smitten with a sense of their sophistry and casuistry. The unargued appeal to faith, hope, and charity in a world of devilry has irresistible charm and power, but these dialectical efforts to justify the ways of God to man baffle, irritate, repel, and will end by alienating a great many hitherto devout persons from the orthodox fold.

We are among the last to expect consistency from the preachers in pulpit or paper who, in a country distracted by religious divisions as is England, instruct and admonish their respective congregations to the best of their lights. We cannot, therefore, but feel amazed to find a critic like "Y" claiming to hold Christianity as a whole responsible for the consistency or inconsistency of these several propositions among themselves. Proposition 8 belongs to the armoury of the opponents of Christianity. Proposition 9, in its first clause, is likewise the flat denial of what all Christian moralists hold to be fundamental, whilst its second clause is either by implication the contradictory of the first, or is a reassertion of it in an absurd form. Proposition 5, in its second clause, if it is to bear the meaning a preacher is stated to have given it, expresses a feeling which is doubtless very common, but is unfortunately without a sufficient basis either in the teaching of the Bible or of the Church, or in the experience of the human race. Oftentimes in the history of mankind has it been permitted by God that the wicked should enjoy an earthly triumph over the righteous, a triumph sometimes of short, sometimes of long duration; and all that we are entitled to gather from the documents of the Christian revelation is that destruction is the ultimate lot of the wicked when the dread day comes, and that meanwhile their temporary triumphs will not make for their real happiness, but for their misery, whilst the adversities inflicted by them on the just will, if rightly taken by the latter, make for their purification and solid peace of heart, and ultimate triumph. The alleged remark of the preacher that, if the Germans were to win, he would never preach another sermon or open his Bible again, is simple blasphemy. What we can feel and may feel, in view of the absolute justice of our case in regard to the present war, is that it enables us to appeal to the mercy and protection of God with a clearness of conscience which is pleasing in His eyes, and has often inclined Him to give victory to the injured, if necessary by unexpected ways, as He did to Israel in the days of Sennacherib. As to Proposition 6, it exceeds gravely in laying down that "it is presumptuous to say what in God's eyes is right or wrong in this human struggle." We have written on our hearts, by the fingers of God, the same principles of right and wrong which He Himself recognizes, or rather which belong to the perfection of His own divine character. We cannot be mistaken as to the

nature of these, though we may be as to their application to particular cases, where the evidence of the facts is obscure or complicated. As to the application of these principles to the present war, we cannot be mistaken, because the evidence is too clear that the Central Empires are the aggressors, and that their motive is to be sought in the self-seeking ambition of their rulers to dominate the entire world, and exploit its industries for their own profit. We may appeal in proof of this, not merely to the diplomatic papers published at the beginning of the war, though these were demonstrative enough, but to the evidence as presented, with intimate knowledge of the facts from the German side, in the book called *J'accuse*, by one who can truthfully describe himself as "a German; not a Frenchman, a Russian, or an Englishman; [but] a German who is uncorrupted and incorruptible; who is not bought and is not for sale; a German who loves his Fatherland like any one else; but just because he is a German wrote this book."

This same book also explains how the leaders of this vast aggressive movement contrived, by a system of organized mendacity, to make that considerable section of their fellow-subjects, who themselves had no such inordinate intentions, believe that the aggression came from the side of their opponents, and that they themselves were being called to take up arms against the invaders of their hearths and homes. And this explains in what sense God can be thought to approve the motives of those who are fighting against us, though it is difficult not to convict them of an irrational credulity in accepting at their face-value the statements of a Government which has never been remarkable for its veracity. The second sentence in Proposition 4 is defective as it stands, in a way that makes it unlikely that any Christian minister, not of a quite erratic tendency, could have uttered it—that is to say, if it is to mean that dying in battle is enough of itself, apart from any Christian belief or Christian practice, to ensure the salvation of the man's soul. If the preacher who used it meant, as very likely he did, that the lads and young men of whom he was thinking had risked their lives in defence of their country, inspired by truly Christian motives, then he was saying only what was worthy of approval.

In the remaining propositions, that is to say, in those numbered 1, 2, 3, 7 and 4a, the preachers and writers affirm the



genuine Christian doctrine, as it is held by the Catholic Church, and by those Christian communities which are approximately orthodox. That is to say, in these propositions, they affirm what are integral parts of the true doctrine. "Y," by his comments on them, seems to imagine that a preacher, if he touches at all upon this subject of the divine permission of sin and suffering, and of the consequent injury inflicted on the innocent, must needs treat the question exhaustively in every sermon. But this would be impracticable. The preacher or writer has usually a limited time or space at his disposal, and has a limited class of people to address. Knowing his audience he knows how much he may presuppose as already understood by them, and accordingly he builds on this foundation, at one time confining himself to one aspect of the general subject, at another time to another. His method is perfectly rational, nor is he open to the criticisms of a writer like "Y," who, by making a list of these various affirmations belonging to different aspects of the one general subject, and mixing them up with others that have no Christian parentage at all, contrives to create the appearance of an inconsistency among the exponents of Christianity which is unreal. Thus the author of Proposition 1 may have been explaining how the gift to man of free will, which is in itself an endowment that lifts him so high above the irrational animals, involves the power to misuse it along with the power to use it aright, and how in this sense moral evil is the other side of moral good. Yet God is not responsible for the evil, inasmuch as the misuse of free will is against His precept, whereas the good use of it is in accordance with His desire and intention. The author of Proposition 2 was obviously speaking of the purpose which unmerited suffering at the hands of the unjust aggressor is meant to fulfil in regard to those who are striving to make God's will the rule of their lives. If these take what befalls them as divine chastening intended to wean their affections from excessive attachment to the things of earth, and bind them more closely to God, they are justified in cherishing it as proof of His care and love for them. The author of Proposition 3 is stating this same principle, but with its application to those whom, as the present religious revival in the belligerent countries so strikingly testifies, the sufferings caused by the war have brought back to God, by constraining them to realize more vividly the dreadful effects of human self-seeking and human

passions when left to run their own course, and the impotence of worldly and irreligious satisfactions to furnish a resting-place to the harassed soul in the midst of the all-pervading turmoil. Again, to say that "death and suffering are not really evils but only seem so," just as the surgeon's knife is not an evil so much as a good, is only to say what lies at the very root of the Christian religion; as it is likewise to say that this life is a life so ordained that the human will may find in it the discipline expedient for probation, which is a good not an evil, inasmuch as it prepares the soul for the eternal rewards that are to follow. These are the sound principles which, if we follow the teaching of the Christian Church and the Christian records, we shall recognize that God has given to be a light to our paths. They are principles which in their substance we can understand, and, if in some of their applications they surpass the comprehension of many of us, or even of all of us, our trust in the Fatherhood of God, made clear to us in so many ways, fully entitles us to take comfort in the thought that "the ways of God are unfathomable, and that we must walk in faith and believe that things are somehow good."

When these points are considered, it becomes evident how seriously "Y" has dislocated the whole of the case in his presentation of its outlines. But is there anything of solid truth in his attempt to get behind the explanation we have given, by contending that "to say that evil is the correlative of good is simply to throw back to the question why the All-powerful and All-loving has so constituted good that it must coexist with evil"; and "to say that suffering and death are necessary for the well-being of mankind is to be brought to the same impasse?" This further question may be raised in regard to the existence in the world of moral evil, that is to say, the evil springing from the misuse of free will; and likewise in regard to the existence of physical evil, that is to say of the calamities to sentient life springing from the occasional action of the physical agencies by which the course of physical nature is governed. We may be permitted to refer to articles on these two branches of the subject in THE MONTH for July and Sept. 1908, since republished apart as a C.T.S. tract entitled *The Problem of Evil*. In that tract the present writer is certainly not chargeable with stopping short at a point which does not go right down to the root of the difficulties wont to be brought against the Christian religion from the existence either of moral or of physical evil. But in the

brief comments for which alone there is space in the present article we must confine ourselves to what concerns moral evil, this being the aspect under which the subject is made topical just now, in view of the fearful carnage which men in the exercise of their free will are, rightly or wrongly, in accordance with their respective positions, inflicting on one another.

"Y" thinks that if God were both omnipotent and benevolent, He would of necessity either have created such beings as were incapable of misusing their free will, or would have bound Himself to interpose at every step to check the evil consequences of any misuse of free will He permitted. "Y" must have a fuller penetration into the essence of things than most of us have, if he can feel confident that such a system would have worked well, not to say vastly better than the system under which we are actually living. For our own part when thus invited to weigh the chances of its possibility, we are reminded of the remark of a writer on the same subject whom we imagine was the late Dr. Flint: "I fail to see that a thoroughly healthy and well-fed pig, not destined for the slaughter, is the highest conceivable type of happiness." But is this the ideal of happiness that commends itself to "Y," and does he really think it preferable to a system in which men are given the opportunity of proving their spiritual worth by fidelity under the discipline of such a commingling of pleasure and pain as the present life offers? This writer indeed suggests that, if a life free from the disturbing influences of pain, and marked by unalloyed happiness, is within the power of God to bestow hereafter, it must be equally possible for Him to bestow it on men during their earthly life. But this is because he quietly ignores the condition of probation essential to a transitory life which is the preparatory stage to the enduring life to follow after. That in this preparatory stage there should be something to suffer may be congruous, but it is quite intelligible that the life promised to those who have passed faithfully through their time of probation here should be a life of complete beatitude.

But what is "Y's" own solution of the problem he has raised? It is due to him to acknowledge that he does not take refuge in the utter denial of the existence of God. He would have us continue to believe in a good God, but exhorts us to surrender the doctrine that this good God is omnipotent—or, at all events, that He is as yet omnipotent. But we had better let him expound his view in his own words:

In the presence of all these difficulties, theology remains tangled

up in its own conception of Omnipotence—which brings us at best to the conclusion that God has so limited His own power as to permit the existence of evil and at worst invests Him with attributes which are the reverse of benevolent. William James has protested against the tyranny of monism in philosophy, and it is surely time to make a similar protest against the same tyranny in theology. Dualism does, indeed, run through the Bible in the picture which it consistently presents to us of good and evil, God and Devil, waging perpetual war together. [But does it run through the Bible that God and the Devil are both increate and independent spirits?] The effort to subdue dualism or to reconcile it with the monistic idea of one omnipotent benevolent God is, of course, a large part of the history of theology. But just as philosophy makes a pale ghost of its Absolute, so theology makes a dark tyrant of its Omnipotent. It cannot help itself so long as it is tied to the theory of an All-Powerful, who permits evil which, according to the definition of His powers, He is able to prevent.

The human mind has never given a real consent to this theory. It remains radically dualist, interpreting the cosmic process as a struggle between good and evil, matter and spirit, mind and matter. So it judges, and always will judge, unless compelled by authority to take a non-natural view of things. Is there any reason why theology should not put itself on the same ground and give over the scholastic idea of omnipotence which makes God responsible for the evil of the universe? When the Apostle says that "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now," the modern man understands. [But did St. Paul mean his words to be taken in the sense of an ultimate dualism?] The image fits exactly with all that he has been taught to believe about the processes of nature. And if faith in God can be presented to us as belief in the far-off divine event to which creation tends, instead of homage to a Creator who fore-ordained the evil with the good before the foundation of the world, religion will again become acceptable to large numbers who are slipping away from the orthodox creeds. I heard a sincerely religious man say in all reverence the other day: "God has not yet succeeded in creating Himself." Students of M. Bergson's philosophy will understand his meaning. It is surely a tenable theology that creation is yet in process, and that it tends through struggle to the final but as yet unrealised victory, when the good spirit shall be omnipotent over the evil. At all events I am convinced that there are vast numbers of people to whom that thought will come as a relief from the pessimism in which they are plunged by the traditional belief in Omnipotence.

This is a facile way out of the difficulty, but, if theology so

persistently refuses to put itself on the same ground, is it not perhaps that theology, the theology, at all events, of the Catholic Church, which has studied this question with acute insight during so many centuries, sees in the theory difficulties which are overlooked by our modern *amateurs*? Are these two beings at war with each other self-existent beings, or beings that owe their existence to some other being or beings—for it is surely manifest that self-existent being must be the ultimate cause of whatever other being, or beings, are found to exist? If "Y" takes the latter alternative, is he not himself "simply throwing back to the question why that original self-existing being has so constituted good that it must co-exist with evil"? If he takes the former alternative, he is faced with the difficulty of explaining how two beings, with exactly the same reason for their existence, are so essentially different and even opposite in their characteristics. What, too, if this be the ultimate explanation of their existence, can be the ground of his confidence that the age-long struggle between these two independent spirits, is ever tending towards a far-off divine event when the good spirit shall be omnipotent over the evil? Why should it not be, for aught that the experience of past history can teach us, the evil spirit which will eventually triumph? And if so, what substance can there be in the thought which is to "come as a relief from the pessimism in which [numbers of people] are plunged by the traditional belief in Omnipotence"?

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## FRENCH AND ENGLISH

### IV.

#### ENGLISH.

**A**N orchard flanking a well-to-do farm-house, itself the last house in a village: the village stone-built, like all the others in that region. The cottages along the street more like farmhouses than the actual one by the orchard, because the latter had smartened itself up, and half villafied itself. The street curving down to its middle-point like a slackly-strung rope, and in the hollow of the dip the church, locked and empty, priestless; the priest a soldier somewhere.

In the street hardly any native life: *our* lot just arrived, but scarcely any villagers showing: shuttered houses, blind-eyed, perhaps hiding cowering peasants, women, children, old men: the emptiness of the street striking oddly, as though it were midnight and daylight.

Two English officers, very dusty, after a march that had begun at break of dawn, glancing about as they trudged tiredly along to the billet in the orchard. A door gingerly opened and an old face thrust out. "Monsieur! Should we fly?"

"Fly? But no." One of the Englishmen calls out "What should one fly from?"

"The Germans—one says they are at the next village."

The Englishman does not believe—a mere scare: and says so. "*We* are stopping here to-night," he argues. "If they were at \* \* \* \* we should not be staying here."

The old gray face, unconvinced, ready for misfortune, haggard, but stonily calm, goes in, and the door shuts: a bolt creaks: and the two Englishmen move on.

"Should you have advised that?" asks the younger of them.

"To stay? Why on earth should they flee when no man pursueth?"

"I don't feel sure of that. There's something in the air—a menace."

They came to the gate into the orchard, rather a narrow gate, not convenient for getting great ambulance-wagons



through: the orchard itself not very convenient for packing them: some already in, their horses out and being watered, or being taken out, others being got in up the steep, soft slope from the road.

Under the trees, next the hedge on one side, officers' servants choosing spots for their masters' bedding, and unrolling the blankets. In a corner the men's cooks making a fire, and piling up their big cooking-pots ("Dixies" they call them) round it, the officers' cooks lighting a much smaller, opposition fire near where the servants are laying out the blankets; another servant "laying the dining-room table," *i.e.* setting enamelled tin mugs, numb-looking knives and forks, on a waterproof sheet on the grass.

Some officers washing themselves, out of canvas buckets: one or two shaving, and also walking about. The Ancient decides both to wash and shave, and gathers together the essentials, then walks off to the farm. At the pump, and at a horse-trough, a fierce washing and splashing of men stripped to the waist. He asks, insinuatingly, at the kitchen-door if there is any room where he may go and wash too: the proposition received favourably, and he is escorted to a room on the ground-floor, tiled, and opening on to a walled garden with a few dahlias and a good many high-stepping hens in it. The room contains a big bedstead, almost grandiose, and a chair with three legs and an empty butter-tub sustaining the fourth corner; also a table covered with ragged American leather, on which are three used paper collars coloured like meerschaum pipes, an extremely small tin bowl, and a bucket full of water presumably second-hand. On a shelf is a fine old renaissance crucifix, on a chest of drawers a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes with little pots of cow-medicines at her feet. There is a framed photograph (an enlargement, evidently, and woolly) of the master of the house, in the uniform of a *Maréchal Chef de Logis* of a cavalry regiment: the original far, far away. When did he last lie in that hot-looking bed? Will he ever come back to lie in it again? His unknown guest entreats that he may: and tries to take the comfort of a promise from the portrait—not a fateful face, but round, well-satisfied; the figure dapper, stoutish, prosperous. No tragic wistfulness in the big, wide-opened, shrewd eyes. But eh! alas! if only the fateful-faced ones fell, how short would be the roll of the slain. . . .

Outside the window in the garden it seems there is another pump, and three exploring soldiers discover it, and after considerable, if hasty, peeling, pump obligingly on each other. The Ancient hands out his bucket and begs for a clean re-fill.

On the tiled floor he manages almost a bath. Then, a shave; then a return to the orchard, and supper which happens to be dinner also. It is dark now, and the few lights, here and there among the crowded trees, show up Rembrandtish groups and faces.

A motor-cyclist dispatch-rider arrives before the cheese.

"Up and off."

In the dark the "beds" are hurriedly rolled up again: fires are kicked out: pots and kettles huddled away into their wagons: horses quickly harnessed, their drivers condoling with them over unfinished oats; cracking of boughs as the wagons struggle through the trees, quite invisible now in the moonless dark; in wonderfully few minutes what was a camp is a camp no longer, and the "unit" waits in the road for the order to march. Silent groups of peasants flit by, homeless now: you can hear their shuffling feet, their breathing as they pass close to you, hardly a voice, even in a sob; even the children make no wail, hurry and dread hold them too silent. Whither they go they know not; why, they can scarce know, those babies on whom (as on their fathers gone already whither they know not) the horrible, dull riddle of the war has fallen. One wonders when they will come back—to-morrow? Never? Is the darkness swallowing, assimilating, them? or will the dawn's light see them creeping chilly home, after a nightmare of false alarm? Part of the riddle. In a thousand variants the riddle keeps asking itself all day, all night, always.

One cannot see the village. Not a light in any house of it. Not a glint of moonshine catches belfry or gable anywhere. Swallowed, too, in the thick, hot, dusty dark.

One thinks of Keats' village—"emptied of its folk this pious morn," its villagers all gone following the lowing kine to the festal sacrifice: not by association does that bland and lovely picture come louping into memory—by contrast. No pious eve this—or is it? Of what unfestive sacrifice are these village-folk themselves the victims?

"Quick march."

The cadence of five hundred feet, no sound else. No song whistled or sung. And nothing visible: no doubt each man can see his neighbour, but no eye could pick out of the blackness any shape of the whole marching column. It moves along the bottom of the night as though gulfed in a black and great water. No man of all that march has ever seen the fields that flank his road, nor ever will see them: what they may be like he cannot guess, nor is he guessing: if there be homes here they do not betray their nearness, but huddle into the sombre, stealthy skirts of the night. There may be cornlands, garden-plots, trees, orchards—there may be anything; an army, friendly or hostile. Somewhere hereabouts are two armies, our own, of which this little block of silent-moving men forms a tiny part; perhaps that of our French comrades; we do not know in the least; certainly not far off that of our swift, alert foe. We do not know: not to know anything is for such as ourselves a note of this early phase of the war.

And no one asks: no questions are heard, no surmise. Perhaps every man wonders, but none asks "Whither?" or "Why?" The Ancient wonders too; not whither, or why: for the name of one place would mean as little to him, if he knew it, as that of another: nor if he could be told the actual purpose of each march would he perhaps understand, for to him all war and strategy are an unlearned language. Only he wonders of what the men are thinking as they go: of what homes, friends, partings?

Sometimes one can tell by the sound of the marching feet that they fall on a narrowed road between high banks; oftener there must be flat ground to left and right.

"Halt!"

Cross-roads, and a momentary pause. Then the way to the left is chosen and the column moves again. Uphill this time. For a bare half-mile.

Then there comes the clatter of a ridden horse galloping after us, and its rider, finding the commanding officer, tells him,

"They are there. At the top of the hill . . ."

The Ancient, close by, hears him.

Another halt, and a turn about; to turn the wagons is very difficult: they are not made to turn on narrow roads, and on a narrow road without flat ground on either side would be impossible; who can tell in this smother of darkness

whether this road be broad or narrow, what it is like to right and left? They *are* turned, and it is "Quick march!" again, downhill. Odd to think who was behind; to wonder how near?

For a long way it is downhill, easier going for tired feet, and for a long way the road passes between steep high banks. The silence, and the rhythmic monotone of the marching feet makes one sleepy, deadly sleepy. What luxury if one could lie down among the soft, deep dust of the wayside and be asleep. Can one sleep walking; is there only the somnambulance of disease? Often the Ancient thought he must have slept moving; perhaps only for a few moments, that seemed to have been long.

Another halt at last: a long wait, and then the order not to camp, but for all to rest where they were. Some lay down at once on the roadside, some clambered up the high banks and lay among the stubble they found at the top. The Ancient scrambled up to the driving-seat of a wagon, intending to sleep there. But the night was cold now, and the sleep that had seemed to swallow him up, to assault him like an obsession, as he walked, would not come now that it was bidden. Ficklest of friends! So rude to thrust herself on us uninvited at awkward moments, so standing upon punctilio when entreated.

The horses slept: their driver slept: someone inside the wagon was certainly asleep, as he assured the public most resonantly.

The Ancient tried to sleep by telling himself a story of matchless pointlessness and *banalité* about a man called Jones, who had twelve children, and the eldest married Carolina Williams and had twelve children, the eldest of whom, etc., etc. But it would not do: he only began to have a monstrous interest in the alliances of the Jones family.

The man asleep inside the wagon slept on, but ceased to snore. There was no sound now except the occasional jingle of harness as a horse shifted in his sleep.

At last there came another sound, very strange and troubling, of someone weeping: of someone, invisible behind the curtain of the wagon, but close, close to, crying very low and quietly. There were no women there to weep: and the memory of the Ancient, always errant and vagrant, clapped into his mind that great saying of the old heathen historian, concerning a tribe of the very people now our enemies: "It

is for their women, indeed, to weep: for their men to remember."

Was this Englishman who wept remembering too?

What more gross than for one man to thrust in and show himself aware of another man's tears? In broad daylight, face to face, the Ancient could not have done it: he must have turned away and hidden the indiscretion of having noted.

But in this thick and lonely night, two awake in the midst of a sleeping company, it seemed different: the two watchers so near together, hardly a foot of space between them, for one to hold himself aloof, discreetly heedless, from the trouble in some young heart so near his own, seemed but a cold and callous hardness.

"What is it?" he whispered, drawing the curtain aside, and bending towards it.

It was so dark that the whiteness of the curtains barely showed less black than the night herself; so much darker inside that no face became visible.

"Sir, I thought everyone was asleep. I didn't know as you was there." A young voice, with the northland burr in it that to the Ancient, north-country born, always sounds homely, friendly.

"I beg your pardon . . ."

"Nay, it's me as should. I niver thought to trooble no one."

"It only troubles me to think you are in trouble. I'm ashamed to have let you know I heard you, only I couldn't help it. You and I are the only ones awake, and one of us is sad—I couldn't help speaking, though one man's words can't alter another's trouble."

"Sir, I thank you kindly. They're all strange to me yet; I've ne'er a choom; there's bin no time yet, nor yet no chance, o' making any. So I think. And I couldna sleep: and . . . I were thinking of my gal."

"Are you engaged to be married?"

"Nay, I *am* married. There's the trooble. Married not twelve months. And my wife she was near her time—not full come it wasn't, but near. Then the mobilization order came, and I had to get over to Dublin; and the very day we embarked came a letter, not from her, but from her sister; and it was gave me on board, and I read it as we was moving down and the folk cheering, and the sirens squealin', and

it said how Tessie'd worried o'er me going, and her pains had coom on her: and the child had been born, and she very ill an' all, and the nurse as was Catholic, like yourself, Sir, had christened him after me, but he died an hour after . . ."

A little pause, a struggle too easy to divine, though by hard force inaudible, and the young voice took up its humble plain tale.

"I'd told her, a hoondred times, as soon there'd be the little'un to comfort her. And she'd listen, an' cooldna' say me Nay. She know'd it 'ud comfort her. Yet it troobled her an' all as the child 'ud coom and me not there to give it e'er a welcome. 'Eh Jim, but I niver thought to be left alone *then*,' she said, and I told her nor me eether; but it was just Dooty, and had to be doon; and she couldna' say me Nay to that eether, nor she didna' try. She didna' cry, but her face daunted me. She didna' cry not even when I coomed away; p'raps she couldna', p'raps she wouldna'—but she fell out o' me arms, and it was like death she looked: and that Irish nurse I told you of ran in, and made me a sign as I had better go, and I *had* to go."

Another little struggling pause, and then:

"Eh, Sir: when I knew as she hadna' the child to think on—we'd both on us bin thinking of it, and plotting for it iver so long—when I couldna' say any more, as I'd said to myself o'er and o'er again, 'The child'll coomfort her: it'll force her to think of *it*, i'stid o' think, think, thinking o' me': and all the crowd o' the ship, and all the crowds on the quays, cheering, and the sirens yelling. . . . Eh, Sir, it were bitter 'ard . . . And just now it all coomed o'er me again: and . . . Sir, ye'd niver guess what it is to a yoong man to know as he can niver see his soon's face as he's longed to see so many long days. The times I've fancied it! And the times I've plotted for it, and said 'I'll do this and that for the child' . . . and I'll *niver* see it: and the poor lass to have but a peep of it, and then to see it no more eether. And she's delicate: p'raps she's gone to seek it . . . and if so our little home's gone wi' her. I could niver fancy tryin' to make anoother, if that as I brought her back to is gone: niver. I couldna' fancy being hoosband to anoother woman, nor father to anoother woman's child . . ."

What can a man say to comfort a pain like that?



He may know what he *should* say: may know well where the only hope of comfort lies: but to be glib in saying it, how smug and shallow must one be for that! And must God always need an interpreter? If He keeps His own reverent silence, and will not always speak aloud to wounded hearts of His children, *must* it be always that some blundering man may try to be more eloquent than He?

The young voice fell, and the old voice could not soon trespass on the terrible sacred silence. Silence herself sat between the old man and the young, making friends of them. And the old man could do nothing but keep saying to that other Young Man of Nazareth, "Do it yourself. You care more than I. It was your wound: heal it."

It was the young sonless father who spoke at last.

"Sir," he said, whispering, "are you asleep?"

"Asleep! God forbid that I could sleep: I'm not so bad as that."

"Bad! eh, boot you're kind."

A big young hand had come out through the curtain, and its owner felt it wet.

"I didn't dare to say anything," said the old man. "I longed to, but I durst not. I'm stupid, but I would not be impertinent."

"I'd like it if you'd talk. You'd niver say a word to hurt me: and I'm lonesome for none to talk to."

Then they did talk: the young man saying as much as the old. Perhaps that way he got most ease. But I am shy to set down all that strange talk here: for it was strange how two men, alone in that darkness, awake in the midst of so many sleepers, with so many dreams perhaps being dreamed so near at hand, two men so divided by age, by religion, by the course of life, could talk of the great real things of life, neither knowing the other's name, one at least not knowing the other's face, and be at home together, in that foreign land, and grow intimate as only sorrow and the sharing of sorrow can make us: one of them very generous in taking for help the mere desire to help, the other very humble and reverent at the simple, unwitting revelation of a nature very manly, singularly pure and unselfish, marvelously refined, with a refinement that no uncouth fashion of speech, nor rough phrase, could hide or alter: of a nature very brave, for all those tears, most manly and with a plain unbraggart readiness for danger and for duty.

I have spoken, a moment since, of the difference of faith between the two men: but, between them in the night there was God, and at that Divine bridge they met, and stood together, not seeing each other for the darkness, but seeing Him.

Another of these beginnings without an end?

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

## NORTH AND SOUTH

WIDE are the skies and lustrous  
 In the ways of the golden south,  
 But her roads with dust are blinding,  
 Her plains are parcht with drouth.  
 Fierce sky and swooning plain—  
 Thank God for the good grey northland and the turrets in the  
 rain.

Her skies are burning azure  
 And sapphire are her seas,  
 And lakes of shimmering silver  
 Her groves of olive-trees.  
 Whelming space o'er-bright—  
 Thank God for the good green northland and the gleams of  
 broken light.

Keen-glittering mosaics  
 And marble masonries,  
 Low roofs and wide wall-spaces  
 The southland cities please.  
 Hard shining zone on zone—  
 Thank God for the good grey northland and the lichen'd walls  
 of stone.

The north is crowned with gables  
That climb the starry stair,  
Her spires are springing arrows  
That storm the heights of prayer.  
Like bounding waterfalls  
Her buttresses leap downward from high clerestory walls.

For immemorial forests  
Of multitudinous trees,  
Cool green and golden sunlight  
In plainsong harmonies,  
Graded hues of grace,  
Thank God for the flying shadows and the windy beams in chase.

The south is wide and open,  
The north is dark and dear,  
The north is full of wonder,  
The south of secret fear.  
Dark love and laughing guile—  
Thank God for the vaulted shadows of soaring minster pile.

Thank God for the golden glories  
Of southern pilgrimage,  
Dawn-mountains rob'd in purple,  
Wide suns' triumphant rage,  
Bright sojourn, peaceful home—  
The northland to abide in, the radiant south to roam.

H. E. G. ROPE.

## THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY OF KANT

RECENT events have, logically or illogically, led many minds to reconsider the entire outlook which is associated with German culture. Hitherto we have feebly asserted ourselves by expressing dissent from this or that conclusion, but the spiritual failure of Germany has begun to arouse a more radical scepticism. There is a growing conviction that in philosophy and theology there are many points "untouched by the Germans yet." Men are not so inclined to regard a controversy as settled by a triumphant reference to some specialist whose name ends in "ein" or "sche." Gifted but gullible young students of the Robert Ellesmere type cannot now be discomfited by a wave of the hand towards a ponderous *Weltgeschichte*.

This return of our critical faculty provides a favourable opportunity for reasserting those Catholic criticisms of German religious philosophy which have hitherto fallen largely on deaf ears. The task is all the more incumbent on us as German culture has reduced to silence—and ashes—the greatest Catholic Institute of Philosophy. As a small contribution to a saner estimate of German speculation the present article proposes to deal with Kant's attitude towards religion.

Not only is Kant the acknowledged father of modern philosophy and the most influential thinker of Germany, but in his own person he illustrates the typical development of the modern mind. His religious career might be described as a progressive delimitation of the contact of God with nature and history. In the Preface to his *Theory of the Heavens* (1755) he wrote:<sup>1</sup>

I recognise the great value of those proofs which are drawn from the beauty and perfect arrangement of the universe to establish the existence of a Supremely Wise Creator; and I hold that whoever does not obstinately resist all conviction must be won by those irrefutable reasons. . . . The formation of all the heavenly bodies, the cause of their movements and in short the origin of the whole present constitution of the universe will become intelligible before the production of a single herb or a

<sup>1</sup> Hastie, *Kant's Cosmogony*, pp. 19, 29.

caterpillar by mechanical causes will become distinctly and completely understood.

This is essentially the position of Newton, or rather of Laplace—whose nebular theory was indeed forestalled by Kant. "There is no need for the hypothesis of God," not even for the purpose of tidying up the universe, arranging the fabric of the planets, the positions of their orbits, etc. This extension of scientific inquiry to include every detail of the physical structure of the world is a notable achievement. Its only logical religious result is to refute the barren conception of God as a disturber of differential equations. But it has the unfortunate psychological effect of seeming to explain those complexities of real life and those problems of why and of whence which for the sake of artificial simplicity it ignores. In language which sounds curiously familiar, Kant, being unable to conceive mechanically the production of even the simplest phenomenon of life, contented himself with predicting such an explanation; men are still predicting it.

In this initial stage Kant vaguely but sincerely believed that the proof of God's existence from the order and beauty of the universe was "irrefutable." But already in his treatise on "the only possible ground for a proof of God's existence," published in 1763, he abandoned all physicotheology. Henceforth he admitted only the cosmological argument whereby the existence of a necessary being was deduced *a priori*. This argument, he says with evident satisfaction,<sup>1</sup> assumes the existence, neither of myself, nor of spirits, nor of the corporeal world; it is "derived from the intrinsic criterion of absolute necessity." God was thus removed from the real world of experience, being connected therewith by a slender metaphysical nexus. Finally, this last tie was snapped by the sceptical atomism of Hume, and Kant awoke from his mildly dogmatic slumber. He abandoned for ever all attempts to provide a rational basis for religious belief.

God was finally ousted from creation and transferred to celestial inaccessibility. Provided the known world was free from the slightest sign or proof of a Creator, Kant professed a punctilious neutrality in any discussions concerning the existence of God or of another world. "Let us leave to speculation," he wrote,<sup>2</sup> "and to the care of idle men all the

<sup>1</sup> *Werke*, ed. Hartenstein, ii. 134.

<sup>2</sup> *Dreams of a Spiritseer* (1766): *Werke*, ii. 381.

noisy systems of doctrine concerning such remote subjects. . . . Human reason was not given strong enough wings to part clouds so high above us, clouds which withhold from our eyes the secrets of the other world." Kant wished this argument to be double-edged, to destroy not only theism but atheism. If God's existence cannot be proved, neither can it be disproved.

There can be no dispute as to whether there is a God or not, for there is nothing to dispute about, no *obiectum litis*. Outside the subject who judges there are no existents whose nature can be discussed, but only a mere Idea of pure Reason which examines its own principles.<sup>1</sup>

Thus it can neither be asserted nor denied that there is any objectively existent Being corresponding to the concept which we call God. Belief in God's existence must not be based on rational grounds and so is unassailable by reason. "I had to remove knowledge," confesses Kant in the Preface to the Second Edition of his *Critique of the Pure Reason*, "in order to make room for belief." The greatest benefit of his work is that it "will enable us to put an end for ever to all objections to morality and religion—according to the Socratic method, namely, by the clearest proof of the ignorance of our opponents."<sup>2</sup> Kant should have added that the method involved the clearest proof of his own ignorance too. Objections to religion were silenced only by the acknowledgment that our intellect is necessarily atheistic; difficulties against theism were answered by abandoning its proofs. The policy is rather paradoxical—*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. A distinguished modern exponent has not hesitated to call the Kantian theory "irrationalism."

Irrationalism [writes Professor Paulsen<sup>3</sup>] asserts that reason cannot with mere knowledge transcend empirical reality; it knows nothing of God or of divine things; religion is based exclusively on faith, not on proofs. The nominalistic tendency of the latter medieval philosophy approximated to this view. It is the view of Luther and of Kant.

According to Paulsen it was Kant who first systematized the basic tendencies of original Protestantism. In the system of Luther, reason knows nothing of the things of faith; left

<sup>1</sup> Posthumous Fragment (*Altpreussische Monatsschrift*, 21, 1884, 571).

<sup>2</sup> *Werke*, iii, 25.

<sup>3</sup> *Philosophia Militans* (1901), p. 35.



to itself reason leads to a naturalistic outlook. The "Word of God" is the only source of faith, and with this source reason has merely formal external relations; theology, in fact, is simply philological exegesis—*grammatica in sacra pagina occupata*. Kant of course extended his anti-dogmatic autonomy even to the Bible, but he accepted the anti-intellectual, voluntarist theory of faith. In the field of pure reason, the idea of God as "the supreme and necessary unity on which all empirical reality is based," is simply a viewpoint by means of which reason introduces systematic unity into its experience. But the immediate consciousness of the moral law introduces us to a world of reality beyond the categories and forms of our own thinking. Now this moral law leads us to postulate the existence of God, not indeed as the moral order of the universe (as Fichte held), but simply as a means of effecting the final adjustment of happiness and virtue.

The influence of the moral law upon the agent (*i.e.*, the disposition which it produces in him to promote the highest good practically realisable by us) presupposes at the very least that the highest good is possible. If it were not possible, we should be trying to realise practically what could not be realised, and to give effect to an idea which was empty and without any object.<sup>1</sup>

Reason *needs* to assume a supreme intelligence as highest independent good. Not indeed to deduce therefrom the commanding authority of the moral law or the motive for its observance (for it would have no moral value if its motive-ground were derived from anything else but from the law which is of itself apodictically certain); but only in order to give objective reality to the concept of the highest good, *i.e.*, to prevent it together with all morality from being regarded as a mere ideal, if that whose idea inseparably accompanies morality existed nowhere.<sup>2</sup>

It is almost incredible that such an acute thinker as Kant could base religion on the simple fact of its desirability. Was he sincere? Did he really uphold the objective validity of a proposition on the sole ground that its truth would further the interests of morality? It is hard to decide, especially as the question is usually shirked by Kantian writers. Houston Chamberlain waxes indignant at any suggestion of insincerity.

<sup>1</sup> "Critique of Practical Reason" (1788); *Werke*, v. 149.

<sup>2</sup> "What is the meaning of 'orientation in thought'?" (1786); *Werke*, iv. 345.

With my own ears [he writes<sup>1</sup>] I heard no longer ago than 1903 an "ordained public university professor" announcing to a crowd of young high-school boys eager to learn, that Kant when an old man had lowered himself to demonstrate the abstract existence of God, freedom of the Will, and Immortality, under pressure brought to bear on him by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities and under the lasting influence of his pietistic childhood and youthful schooldays.

Whatever be the motives underlying Kant's adhesion to "religion within the limits of mere reason," this attenuated theism, based on ethics to the neglect of ontology, cosmology and history, has proved to be little more than a polite periphrasis for atheism. Kant, so careful and thorough in his destructive criticism, has shown himself utterly slipshod and inconclusive in his attempts at constructive synthesis. The inconsistencies between the theoretic Kant and the practical anti-Kant are very glaring. We are told (without proof) that there is a synthetic *a priori* judgment connecting our acts with the idea of a universal legislation so as to make happiness proportional to morality. But surely Kant's "Copernican revolution" consisted precisely in his explaining synthetic *a priori* judgments by the conformity of objects to our cognoscitive faculty, not of the faculty to the objects. This is the corner-stone of his entire system and the ground on which he rejects all transcendent knowledge. It now becomes the ground whereon ethics and religion are based! Categories, supposed to be valid only for phenomena, are fearlessly applied to noumena. For instance "the postulate of the existence of God rests upon the necessity of presupposing the existence of a cause adequate to the effect which has to be explained."<sup>2</sup> Why, it is the very language of the old cosmological proof which he has repudiated with so much scorn! If the task of philosophy be to concede as a necessary "postulate" what it has rejected as cogent "proof," then philosophy may be written with a rubber stamp.

The truth is that Kant made absolutely no criticism of the pure reason as practical. He claimed to find his rather dis-

<sup>1</sup> *Kant*, Eng. trans. 1914, vol. ii. p. 505, note 108. Kant was certainly not inclined to make himself a martyr for the sake of his opinions—witness his submission to the Prussian Order in Council of 1794. The citation from Chamberlain incidentally illustrates the irreligious bias with which philosophy is expounded to immature German students.

<sup>2</sup> *Werke*, v. 138.

putable duty-concept to be a fact or an essential truth of reason. In other words, he swallowed the whole problem at the first gulp. "Reverence for the moral law," he tells us,<sup>1</sup> "is a feeling which has an intellectual source, and it is the only feeling which can be known completely *a priori* and which can be perceived to be necessary." It is an exception, we seem to hear Kant say, but it is such a little one! The plea comes badly from one who rejected our consciousness of freedom and who was such a vehement opponent of all forms of *Schwärmerei* and intuitionism. Let us at least inquire what this "reverence for the moral law" really means.

The majesty of the law [he writes<sup>2</sup>], like that of Sinai, inspires awe—not dread which repels, nor yet charm which invites to trust. This implies the reverence of the subject towards his superior; but in this case, since the latter lies within ourselves, it awakens a *feeling of the sublime* in our own destiny, which transports us more than all the beautiful.

Morality [he says elsewhere<sup>3</sup>] has no need either of another Being over man that he may recognise his duty or of any other motive than the law itself that he may observe it. . . . Thus in no way does it need the help of religion, but is quite self-sufficient through the pure practical reason.

Thus reverence for the moral law is shorn of all possible reverence for a Lawgiver, and is resolved into a feeling of sublimity. Furthermore,<sup>4</sup> "duty is the obligation to act from reverence for law" and "an action performed for the motive of duty sets entirely aside the influence of natural inclinations and every object of the will." This then is the Kantian ethic: a moral law, without contents and opposed to all actual inclinations, deprived of all religious reference or sanction, is to become the sole motive of our actions and the ground of their obligation. From the psychological standpoint it is simply a *reductio ad absurdum*.

From the viewpoint of theology this autonomous morality makes the postulate of God's existence still more devious and precarious. It becomes necessary to examine more closely the exact meaning of a postulate. When Kant says that, for certain reasons connected with ethics, we must postulate the

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* 78.

<sup>2</sup> "Religion, etc."; *Werke*, vi. 117 note.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 97.

<sup>4</sup> *Werke*, iv. 248.

existence of God, what precisely does he wish us to do? He can only mean that, without rational conviction and deliberately assuming the risk, we determine to act in a given way. Observe that on Kantian principles we cannot read any theoretical significance or intellectual assent into a postulate. In ordinary affairs of life we first believe that an entity or law exists, and then we act on the supposition that it does exist.<sup>1</sup> But the Kantian postulation is a complete reversal of this train of motivation: we must first act *as if* God existed, *as if* the soul were immortal. It is like trying to smile as if one were in good humour, hoping thereby to smile oneself into the reality. But there is this difference that no amount of theological make-belief can justify real belief.

Is our knowledge [asks Kant<sup>2</sup>] actually enlarged by practical reason? Is that which for speculative reason is transcendent for practical reason immanent? Undoubtedly it is, but only in relation to action. Practical reason cannot give us a theoretical knowledge of our own soul, of the intelligible world, or of a Supreme Being, as these are in themselves.

To say that our knowledge is enlarged "only in relation to action" is a curiously roundabout way of saying that our knowledge is *not* enlarged at all, but we are to act *as if* it were. The ethics and the theology of Kant are entirely based on this heuristic fiction; the system has been aptly termed "the philosophy of the as-if." "The ideas of God and of a future life," Kant writes in some posthumous notes,<sup>3</sup> "obtain through ethical grounds, not objective theoretical reality, but merely practical reality, so to act as if there were another world." Elsewhere<sup>4</sup> we find religion defined as "the knowledge of all our duties as divine commands." This "as" is in many other places<sup>5</sup> equated to "tanquam" or "as if," *i.e.*, the divinization of duties is merely a fiction.

The categorical imperative does not imply a higher commanding substance outside myself, but is a command or prohibition

<sup>1</sup> Everything not self-contradictory may be thus postulated. In practice, however, we are guided by balance of probability. The most probable explanation is selected as a working-hypothesis and tested by further experience. Kant does not postulate the existence of God in any such sense. According to him there is not even the slightest probability of God's existence; every attempt at proof is radically vicious.

<sup>2</sup> *Werke*, v. 139.

<sup>3</sup> *Less Blätter*, F 5, Reicke ii. 285.

<sup>4</sup> *Werke*, vi. 252.

<sup>5</sup> E.g. *Altpreuss. Monatsschrift*, xxi. 325-332.

of my own reason. Notwithstanding this, it is to be regarded as emanating from a Being who has irresistible power over all.<sup>1</sup>

The utter artificiality of this postulate of a deity is shown by Kant's systematic and persistent negation of every belief or action which implies something more than a verbal acknowledgment of God's existence. The only attributes which he allows to God are those "implied in the mere thought of a moral law."<sup>2</sup> Hence "it is only moral theology which requires a determinate concept of a highest Being."<sup>3</sup> The view that we have any duties *towards* God is pure superstition and anthropomorphism.<sup>4</sup> How, indeed, could one feel obligations towards Kant's personified categorical imperative? Neither can this *deus ex machina* bestir itself on our behalf, it is a passionless, inert abstraction. "We must give up," he says,<sup>5</sup> "the concept, commonly employed in the schools of philosophy, of a co-operation or *concursus* of the Deity in the activities of the sense-world." It is best to give his view of prayer in his own words:<sup>6</sup>

To attribute other than natural consequences to prayer is foolish and needs no extended refutation. The only question is, Ought prayer to be retained on account of its natural consequences? . . . However there is self-deception in prayer. For whether a person prays aloud or expresses his ideas interiorly, in words, he represents the Deity to himself as something which can be a datum of sense; whereas the Deity is merely a principle which his reason forces him to accept. The existence of God is not proved but postulated, and thus it can be employed only for that which forced the reason to postulate it. . . . But in public lectures to the people, prayer can and must be retained, because it is rhetorically of great effect and can make a great impression.

This then is the religion of Kant: no knowledge of God, no duties towards God, no help from God, no prayer, no sanction. It is religion only on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*. Really, one might almost fancy that he did it for a bet! Such a welter of negations and contradictions was never before dignified with the name of religion. In spite of its name, it can hardly be denied that Kantism has been

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* 570.

<sup>2</sup> *Werke*, v. 143. Cf. *Altp. Mon.* xxi. 574.

<sup>3</sup> *Reflexionen*, ed. Reicke, ii. 1563.

<sup>4</sup> *Werke*, vi. 252, etc. *Altp. Mon.* xxi. 356.

<sup>5</sup> "Towards Eternal Peace," *Werke*, vi. 428, note.

<sup>6</sup> *Werke*, iv. 505f. Cf. vi. 294-297.

the most profoundly disintegrating and anti-religious force of modern times. There has been entirely too much vague talk about the "high idealism" of Kant and Hegel as opposed to the more intelligible and accessible rationalism of Spencer or Haeckel. The philosophy of Kant, in spite of its eminent respectability and highly technical verbiage, culminates in the same negation—a little more tremulously and politely expressed. The care with which the modern Kantian dissociates himself from his more vulgar and forcible rationalist *confrère*, is merely a touch of that snobbishness from which even philosophers are not immune. This false assumption that religious ideals are on the side of idealism (which is merely idea-ism) is not without its dangers, especially at the present time. "It is not in Hegelianism," writes Professor Muirhead,<sup>1</sup> "but in the violent reaction against the whole idealist philosophy that set in after his death, that we have to look for the philosophical foundations of present-day militarism." The implication of such assertions is that the philosophy of Kant and his congeners is something sacrosanct, and quite apart from other currents of German philosophy. But in reality, so far as religion is concerned, there has been no "violent reaction" at all. As the present article has shown, one can cull from Kant as much anti-religion as ever graced the pages of post-Kantian naturalists.

There is one aspect of Kant's religious philosophy which, owing to its influence, deserves some final remarks. The distinction between theory and practice dogmatically consecrated by Kant has initiated a widespread dualism in religion, philosophy and politics. German genius tends to be bicephalic. We find the profession of bloodless and impossible unprepossession side by side with deep and subtle religious or historical bias. German idealistic literature is romantic and high-pitched, yet no nation is so self-centred and careful of its own interests.

The study of German genius [writes Père Didon <sup>2</sup>], if we consider only its great philosophers and divines, its critics and historians, its writers and poets, does not afford a clear conception of one of the most salient features of that nation. I mean a fundamental fact that everywhere in Germany is too conspicuous to be passed over—the constant contradiction between theory and its application, speculation and reality, pure reason and practical reason.

<sup>1</sup> *German Philosophy in Relation to the War*, p. 39.

<sup>2</sup> *The Germans*, Eng. trans. 1884, pp. 24*f.*



It may, of course, be plausibly urged that Kant's distinction does not refer to theory and practice; in fact Kant wrote a special pamphlet, in 1793, against the proverb "That may be all right in theory but won't do in practice." No doubt, Kant used "practical" to denote *moral* action. But his practical reason refers to *action*, and is opposed to theoretical reason which refers to *thought*. Having once set up this inmost disjunction, the antithesis naturally took the line of easiest cleavage. The contrast between thought and moral action became merged in the divorce between thought and action. There is indeed definite evidence that Kant himself countenanced this extension.<sup>1</sup> Did he not hold that what he considered a false view of prayer should be preached to the people? He also upheld that sorry distinction between what a man says as *Geistlicher* and what he thinks as *Gelehrter*, which has since become so common.<sup>2</sup> He even applied the term "truth" to such duplicity. Speaking of Christ he says:<sup>3</sup> "This divinely gifted but quite strictly human teacher could *with truth* speak of himself as if the ideal of the good were presented corporeally in him." Of course, if Christ could so speak, "Christians" may truthfully continue to speak as if they believed in an Incarnation and Resurrection, while they privately hold that "it is superstition to believe that a historical faith is of obligation or pertains to blessedness."<sup>4</sup> The excuse apparently is that, as we cannot now usher in a religion by new miracles—miracles being a proved absurdity—we must retain the old ones as the basis of religious instruction.<sup>5</sup> If the pun be pardoned, we seem at this stage to have reached the religious philosophy of cant.

ALFRED RAHILLY.

<sup>1</sup> Kant upholds quite definitely the doctrine of two truths. See *Reflexionen* ii. 927, 1157, 1162.

<sup>2</sup> *Werke*, iv. 164.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* vi. 160. In this exegesis as well as in many other tenets of his religious pragmatism, Kant may fairly be regarded as the first "modernist."

<sup>4</sup> *Werke*, vii. 382.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* vi. 230, 182.

## HALOES

Who gives a little child a treat  
Sets joybells ringing in Heaven's Street.

*John Masfield.*

SOMETIMES, like Mytyl and Tyltyl, I come to the Kingdom of Memory, and there I see again the Sisters, as I first remember them, and as probably few of their contemporaries ever saw them. For to me they each wear the halo, which a child always confers on those who come to their little world with kindness—cheap haloes perhaps, easily come by, yet inexpressibly becoming and by their lustre many a homely face shows beautiful indeed.

Forty years ago, Miss Hetty might have been seen any market-day, driving a fat, brown pony down the steep hill-road from the farm to the little country town to which the rural folks were making their way on foot, and by means of a variety of vehicles less pretentious than Miss Hetty's chaise. She did not take her place in the market-hall, where you could just jostle between the benches, on which butter and eggs and "dressed poultry"—pathetically undressed it would seem—awaited the chaffering housewives. Miss Hetty's butter went to the grocer's to be reserved for particular customers, who knew the sweet uplands on which her cows were pastured, and the skill of the able hand which had shaped the delicate pats.

If you have ever known a little country town in your youth, and may be loved it too, climb with me the stone steps with the curving iron railings, and with one whiff of that little grocer's shop, the past with all its joy and pain, will come surging back. For there was a strange *mélange* of odours there, and pickles and spices and snuff and black, black treacle wrought together for mastery. Brushes and brooms and mops festooned the one window and hung in clusters from the low ceiling, and clumps of pattens hung there too, in friendly proximity with flitches of bacon. Pattens!—have they vanished from rural life for ever, with many other homely and serviceable things of which our forebears knew the value?

The little girl who waited impatiently for Miss Hetty on that long-ago market-day, was the unspeakably proud pos-

essor of a pair of pattens, and had paraded about in them, clacking gloriously, raised high above the slush of wintry roads and much uplifted in consequence, with just an occasional stumble to remind her that she was but mortal. They were but one of the many joys which unfamiliar England was revealing to enchanted eyes in those days. First there had been the white wonder of the snow, that in one night had clothed the little town, the ruined castle on its bold rock, and all the rolling hills beyond with a glittering billowing mantle, glorious beyond all imagination. Later had come the tender green summer, with the sun that shone so palely after the fiery splendour which had been your noonday peril abroad. Here the sun was kind and gentle, and you did not need your hat, and could rush out even at mid-day, unchallenged. Oh, the narrow roads deeply hedged with blossoming green, the little ferny dingle by the side of your favourite one, where, as you peered for wild strawberries in the mossy bank, you could hear the faint, silvery murmur of the water gushing over its stones below—were there ever in the world dearer highways for young feet?

Gradually the tropical gardens, the soaring eucalyptus, and feathery palms and bamboos, the deep pool that dried up in summer so that you could walk dryshod at the bottom in a manner recalling the Israelites, inspecting the deep cracks in the sun-baked clay from which millions of tiny frogs came teeming forth, so that "Plagues" of Egypt was a game you could play with most gratifying realism—all these were receding and growing dim in your memory. But sometimes you went back in dreams, and played with the dark-eyed little Spanish children and ran out into the white road from the city, to greet the friendly old priest pacing by, whose benediction was as tenderly given to the little heretic as to the legitimate lambs of his flock. In dreams too, you met the dear dogs left behind and so deeply mourned, and heard their joyous, incredulous barks of welcome. They were regretted longer than anything else you had left behind, and for many years you secretly cherished the hope of seeing them again. That was a hope you lost, with many others on life's journey, but perhaps you will find them all again at the end.

But Miss Hetty and Miss Sarah were new friends in those new English days, and you amused them by pattering Spanish more easily than their own tongue, and as this was an

accomplishment remarkable in their eyes, and, as they both had a soft place in their hearts for little tow-headed girls, Miss Sarah's sharp mien notwithstanding, you had been invited to the farm. You had waited in breathless suspense till assent had been given and the hour fixed, and all the week until market-day came round again, you had dreamt of Miss Hetty and the fat, brown pony, coming to translate you to Paradise. You had gone about with a swelling sense of joy, rather patronizing and pitiful of the boys who had not been asked, and on whom school seemed to press rather heavily.

You waited in impatience when the happy day at length arrived, perched on a hassock, nose glued to the window, watching the market people come and go. You saw Miss Hetty drive up at last, but she stopped at the grocer's and ordered, oh! an incredible number of things, and then she went into the post office, which was also the chemist's and stationer's, where you bought Christmas Cards and Valentines, too, if you had a sweetheart—large-scented wadded creations these, with doves and linked hands, and a paper-lace border, and a compromising declaration of the state of your affections printed on the centre bit of white satin.

But at last the fat pony stopped before your very door, and Miss Hetty, a plump, rosy little woman with a simpering smile and a tip-tilted nose, came in for a little talk. You didn't notice the simper and the shape of her nose wasn't the least consequence, for you only saw the halo of kindness she wore, and the red hand held out to you was the wonderful capable hand that could make butter and, even more wonderful still, make cheeses and bake and brew.

Miss Hetty had much to say and to hear, and long messages from "Sister" to deliver, but at long last was ready to go, and your little carpet bag was bestowed in the back of the chaise, in company with other packages which looked promising and smelt grocerish.

The fat pony chattered, consented to amble at his own pace, homewards to the comfortable quarters awaiting him; and you heaved a sigh of relief, for now nothing lay between you and the delights of the farm, but two or three miles of uphill road skirting the ruined castle that seemed to peer like some hoary sightless giant, over the fertile plain below. In the fields the mowers were busy cutting the long, scented grass, and you heard their voices and the swish of

their scythes, as they bent to their task in the softened warmth of the afternoon.

You topped the long slope, and before you dropped leisurely down to the farm nestling amid a cluster of trees below, you saw all wild Wales in front of you, rolling hills and towering mountains, blue and dim in the golden glory of the sunshine—so wonderful, so far away they seemed, that over their craggy summits the road to Fairyland must surely go.

But you reached the farm, and all its cheerful, homely murmur woke you from your dreams. Dogs barked and hens cackled, and a long string of geese waddling by, hissed after you and you were glad that your unprotected legs were beyond their reach, safely tucked in the chaise, and more glad still when a terrific turkey veteran strutted by, gobbling and scraping his powerful wings along the ground. He was indeed a menace, and you never dared to pass him without a protector near by—in case!

Mr. Samuel was standing in the doorway and filling it too, and his wheezy chuckle had a welcoming sound, as he whisked you out of the chaise in his strong arms and over the doorstep.

The old father, drowsing by the wood-fire in his hooded chair seemed incredibly old to you, thatched with such snow-white hair, and so dim-eyed and hard of hearing as he was, but later you found that extremes meet, and you and the old man were nearer to each other than to the grown-up folks, who had no time to dream.

You must have tea before you explore the unknown territory of delight outside. You had a brown egg of course, and Mr. Samuel, slicing generously the noble ham, chaffed you about your genteel appetite when you could eat no more, suggesting you came from the land where they eat frogs, but subsequently remembered that that was not a Spanish predilection but a French failing. After tea, all was enchantment, even a very guarded view of the fierce bull shut up in a house all to himself, for is there not a fearful joy in contemplating danger from a vantage-ground of safety? Then you viewed the big, airy barns, and the dim, mysterious granaries, cobwebby, and suitable as abodes for witches and wizards who would of course be securely locked in, and not able to get you if the fancy took them.

Di—otherwise David, a nice, blue-eyed farm-boy, was told off to escort you and protect you—he was worthy of his name

indeed, a veritable David, on speaking terms with the bull, and supremely scornful of that Goliath of a turkey. He knew where all the hens laid their eggs and where birds'-nests might be inspected cautiously. You helped Di to churn one day, and Miss Hetty gave you the freedom of the dairy, and the still-room where great-vats of nutty ale stood, not yet fermented.

Cheesemaking you found deeply interesting but mysterious too, for why, having shaped and made a fine semblance of a cheese, must it be crushed and squeezed and re-shaped? You consulted the old, old father, but he only nodded and smiled and stroked your little hand.

Miss Sarah, who is to be more to you in years to come, lending a spice to common events by her acrid wit, was rather a dim figure then, a little out of focus as it were, with Miss Hetty holding the centre. Thin and tart, with a shrewd, blue eye and a racy tongue, not given to mince her words—she ruled her little world autocratically. Contemptuous of men, she was a rural Miss Betsy Trotwood, with a heart as kind, beneath her uncompromising exterior.

Those were happy times! If the twenty-four hours were all daytime!—but there were the nights—one to each day, when you mounted the dark, creaking oak stair, and went down the long passage to the room you shared with Miss Hetty—a pleasant room in the daytime, truly, looking out on to the orchard, but by night it became mysterious, and there were so many shadows in the corners, and too many corners also. The vast bed was curtained, and you climbed little mahogany steps by the side and plunged into its billowing embrace, feeling like some hopeless little mariner marooned on some bleak shore, as Miss Hetty's step receded and the silence beat on your ears in terrifying waves. True, the door was left open and the tall, tallow candle guttered in the draught, but it seemed a long, long way to the downstairs folks.

You burrowed deeper into the accommodating feathers, and shut your eyes and said "Gentle Jesus," and hoped for the best. Happily farm-folks are early folks. Miss Hetty's buxom shape soon reappeared in the doorway, and almost before she had taken out a single hair-pin you fell asleep, and waking, perhaps felt her kind arm round you, and all the terror of loneliness vanished. And in a few minutes it seemed, after that, the room filled with golden light, and all the cocks were crowing to waken you once more.



One day the boys came over, for Mr. Sam had sent them word that a stack was to be taken down and there would be some "sport." They came over, accompanied by a couple of terriers ready for the fray, and you showed them over all your favourite haunts with a proprietorial pride, for it was so seldom given to you to take the lead, you were usually relegated to a humble station in the rear, as befits God's afterthought.

Then the sport began. You had never dreamed there were so many rats and mice in the world as come leaping and scurrying from the old stack. Boys and men are rushing about with red cheeks and fierce eyes, hacking and thrashing, the terriers are light streaks of light, here, there and everywhere, whining with ecstasy, and snapping and slaying.

But you slipped away, because it hurt you to see the piles of little bodies that were bright-eyed creatures a moment before. You sat on the granary steps in the warm, drowsy afternoon, and played shops with the little sticks and stones, while the pigeons preened their silvery plumes above you, and sometimes one little feather fluttered down to you, like a tiny message of peace. Those were golden days—I think they were golden days for Miss Hetty too, for later, dark days came for her, and but for "Sister," staunch and true as steel, she would not have weathered the storm.

You went away, and a good many years slipped by before you saw the sisters again, though you never forgot the happy days at the farm and the recollection of the little town among the hills was like a precious jewel you wore very close to your heart. Imperishable memories haunted the woods and fields, like fauns and dryads of ancient fable. You had left something there you could never find again, wander the wide world as you would.

Then Miss Hetty took a husband, but she was not such a good judge of men as she had been of cheeses—the bridegroom was a widower, with one eye on Miss Hetty's modest fortune, while the other paid tribute to her rosy cheeks. She turned a deaf ear to Sister's warnings and entreaties, and departed in a flutter of smiles and blushes and bridal finery to her new home.

But her Eden proved a dreary place and the golden apple a bitter morsel. Beset by a pack of quarrelsome, ill-reared step-children, in a little, dark house, in a little, dull town, with a bridegroom who had suffered that strange and stupe-



fyng transformation into a mere husband, deprived of Sister's support, which had stiffened her weak, plastic nature, Miss Hetty fell into a distemper of the brain. The spectre of madness which was the skeleton in their family cupboard, came very near to her, to claim his own. Crying and moaning for "Sister, Sister" night and day, the weeping woman sat in her disordered home, and there Sister found her, literally among the ashes, and carried her away home,—not to the farm where Samuel's wife now presided, but to the snug house in the little town where she had just installed herself. "Sister" drove the dark spectre back into his cupboard and fiercely turned the key. It should take no further hold of her family. She sheltered and soothed the poor, distracted creature, and indomitably stood between her and the disapproval of their little world. They lived together for the remainder of their lives on "Sister's" income, for Hetty's had gone to placate the angry husband, and keep him at bay. She went for the remainder of her life like a bird on a broken wing, yet in a sheltered garden.

Still there were times, even for her, when life had some of its old savour. When with cosy crimson curtains drawn to shut out the raw, winter night, we gathered round the card-table to play whist, of which form of entertainment "Sister" was as staunch an adherent as the eminent Mrs. Battle. Yet little errors of judgment on my part, such as revokes and misdeals were forgiven me on account of my youth, and for the sake of "auld lang syne" and because of another infirmity of mine.

"Always dreaming," Miss Sarah said, giving me a sharp poke.

Had I been dreaming?—I had seen a halo shining very steady and clear above her scant, grey locks, and one over Hetty's drooping brow.

As I saw them then, I see them still, when we meet in the Kingdom of Memory.

DOROTHEA BIRCH.

## ANGLICANISM AT THE FRONT

**I**T may be doubted whether the practical difficulties attendant on the Anglican position have ever been so directly brought home to those who adopt it as they have been to the men engaged in active service during the present War. When in England they had become accustomed to knowing that in the next parish, or even in the same street, a minister of the Church of England, equally authorized with their own priest to expound her creed, was teaching doctrines diametrically opposed, save in the most essential points—and not always excepting these—to those which they had received as authoritative. They were told that such divergences were to be regarded as a trial of faith, but that the Church of England, being Catholic, must teach what the Catholic Church teaches, which, from the advanced Anglican standpoint, may be defined as Popery without the Pope. In larger centres, at any rate, they had no difficulty in finding a church where sacramental doctrine was taught, more or less fully, and a priest who would hear their confessions.

So long as the devout Anglican remains in this situation, it is not wonderful that he finds his religious instincts satisfied, and that the claims of Rome, which have a curious way of making themselves heard, remain unheeded. He can obtain all "Catholic" privileges, he will tell you, without leaving the communion in which he has been brought up; nay, it is his duty to remain in it, and so to maintain the Catholic Faith in a body which, he regretfully admits, includes those who, though *ipso facto* themselves Catholics, vehemently repudiate the teaching and practice generally associated with that name.

From time to time, however, circumstances arise which bring home to Anglicans the anomaly of their position. Such circumstances arose two years ago when the Anglican Bishop of Zanzibar, Dr. Frank Weston, published the pamphlet which has since become famous—*Ecclesia Anglicana: for what does she stand?* The question is one to which no official reply has been made, and indeed none is possible; but it led to the publication of numerous pamphlets and to a long correspondence in the *Times* remarkable alike for the

diversity of views expressed and for the representative character of those who took part in it. But the excitement created by the outbreak of the War reduced all other interests to comparative insignificance; and folk had almost forgotten about Kikuyu when the Archbishop of Canterbury published a "Statement" in which, while carefully avoiding any definite conclusion on the points raised by Dr. Weston, the most important of which was entirely ignored, he reviewed the situation. The appearance of the "Statement," which was examined by Father Sydney Smith in *THE MONTH* for June, has revived the interest in the subject, and has provoked another shower of pamphlets, and—more important—the protests of at least six Anglican bishops against the suggestions put forward by the Archbishop with a view to the settlement of the situation.

The result of the controversy so far, both as to its earlier and later stages, has been to demonstrate once more the diversity of opinion which prevails in the Established Church and the impossibility of obtaining any definite statement of her position. Until comparatively recent times "comprehensiveness" was her boasted prerogative: the fact that within her pale she included at least three distinct schools of thought, each diametrically opposed to each other, troubled but a few—least of all the High Church party, who for a long period were content to claim toleration for views which, although ultimately prevailing, were at first highly unpopular. Such protests as arose came from the Protestant or "Low Church" section, who clamoured for the expulsion of "Romanizers" from the Church: of late years, however, the "Catholic" or High Church party has become dominant, and at the present time, through its most advanced section, claims the exclusive right to represent the Church of England. The position of this section has been recently discussed elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> and need not be further referred to: it may, however, be worth while to quote from the address of Lord Halifax at the jubilee meeting of the English Church Union in 1909 his estimate of what the party has achieved:

The Holy Eucharist has become so entirely the centre of our devotions—our Communion, the celebration of Mass as the one service of obligation on Sundays, the daily attendance at the Holy Sacrifice, have become so much a part of our ordinary life—that we can hardly conceive the time when, even in the cathedrals,

<sup>1</sup> See *Dublin Review* for July: "Anglicanism Past and Present."

Mass was not always said on Sunday, and when scarcely anywhere it was celebrated with the accessories prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer. We have got so completely into the habit of making our confessions as a matter of course, at least before the great festivals, that it is difficult to recall the atmosphere of mystery and the difficulties of all kinds which once attended the practice.

This being the position claimed for the Church of England by perhaps its most distinguished lay-representative, it may be interesting to see to what extent it is recognized by those who are officially concerned in the working of that body, in so far as this relates to the provision of religious facilities for those engaged in the War. It will be conceded that such provision, whether for those preparing for war or for those actually engaged in it, is a matter of the highest importance; and the columns of the *Church Times*, from which I have derived practically all the information contained in the present paper, afford ample material for consideration.

In the first place it may be noted that the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Bishop Taylor Smith, who has held that office since 1901, is a Low Churchman, and that the Bishop of Khartoum, who has lately been appointed by the War Office to represent him at the front, began his clerical work in connection with the Church Missionary Society—the body of which the Bishops of Uganda and Mombasa are members, and whose representatives took part in the Kikuyu Conference. It is therefore not surprising that in the administration of the Army, Low Church views should prevail; and from the very beginning of the War it has been matter of common complaint in High Church circles that the chaplains appointed have for the most part represented those views. As long ago as September, 1914, an inspection of a list of some fifty clergymen who had then been appointed showed that two or three at most belonged to the "Catholic" party. "Men from Wycliffe and Ridley Halls, Highbury men, and Protestant clergy from Ireland" predominated—"men," says the letter I am quoting, "neither willing nor capable of ministering to us as we have been accustomed to be ministered to, and who cannot and will not hear our confessions." The complaint has been endorsed and amplified as lately as August 20, 1915, at which date the *Church Times* says: "discrimination against priests who hold the whole Faith ['which Faith,' says the Athanasian Creed in the Book of Common

Prayer, 'except every one shall keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly'] is so generally alleged that it may be taken as a fact."

The leading official Army representatives of the Church of England being thus out of sympathy with "Catholic" views, it is obvious that soldiers who have been brought up on these lines are likely to find themselves in a trying position. "They cannot understand," says the *Church Times*, forgetful of the days, not so long ago, when, as Lord Halifax says, "Mass was not always said on Sundays, even in cathedrals," and would assuredly not have been called "Mass"—"a religion that seems to put the Blessed Sacrament in a secondary position." But that, or even a lower position, is the one which it actually holds: for "the parade service, consisting of selected portions of Morning and Evening Prayer, with hymns and an address, is the only form of divine worship that the authorities seem to regard as necessary or possible for the troops; sacramental religion holds an insignificant place in the spiritual provision made by the authorities."

The matter is put with absolute frankness by a writer who says with truth that it is "Kikuyu over again." He asks once more, "What does the Church of England stand for?" and adds other questions of his own. The men at the front who have received "definite dogmatic teaching"—

are they likely to recognize the official Church of England religion of the Army as the same thing as the religion in which they have been brought up, where the Mass and Mary, the confessional and fasting Communion, were not merely familiar words but regular experience?

They have been taught that it is their duty as Catholics to hear Mass every Sunday: the official Army religion provides the parade service. It may be that the chaplain has a celebration of Holy Communion at 8, but for leave to attend this special permission must be obtained and may be, and sometimes is, refused. Then comes the pertinent question:

Of what use is it for us to teach the budding soldier the Catholic religion, if the mere labelling himself "C. of E." on enlistment is to prevent him from practising what he has been taught?

The answer is obvious, but it would seem that the responsibility primarily attaches to those who "teach the budding

soldier" a religion which is not officially recognized as that of the Church of which he "labels" himself a member.

It may be well to say here that it is not suggested that Anglican soldiers are entirely deprived of the religious consolations to which they are accustomed at home. There are at the front members of the Mirfield community and other clergy of the advanced party, and their work, conducted as it is on "Catholic" lines, does something to supply a felt need; but these are for the most part voluntary workers, and thus do not represent the official attitude. Their very presence must indeed accentuate the divergences among Anglicans: for what affinity have Mirfield men with the *alumni* of Ridley or Wycliffe Halls?

The position as it relates to the soldier is intensified by the fact that those whom he had been taught to regard as fellow-Catholics although of the Roman obedience, find no difficulty in fulfilling the duties which he has been instructed to consider equally binding upon himself, but which he is not allowed or unable to perform. This is not only so abroad: "a young altar-server" writes to his clergyman that, at Blackpool, although Roman Catholics were permitted to go to Mass, he was compelled to attend church parade, and that at a Wesleyan chapel! (Another writes that whereas Catholics were allowed to go to Mass, he and others were kept at home to clean harness.) The clergyman who records this experience writes that he had

great difficulty in persuading a promising young officer to remain in his Mother Church. He said very bitterly that whereas the Roman Catholics had every opportunity given them in the Army for going to confession and communion, the members of the Church of England have little or no provision made for them in these matters.

This, be it remembered, was not abroad, but at home, where, indeed, the territorial soldier in camp seems to have fared as badly as if he had been at the front:

Every Sunday [writes one of them] the Roman Catholics were marched to Mass, and Wesleyans and Congregationalists were taken to their services: the Church of England men had only two services—drumhead services, with which everyone was discontented, for prayers were inaudible and the sermon, heard by about one per cent of the congregation, contained no word of



religion. Except on these two wretched occasions the clergyman was never seen.

It is evident that to the official mind "it is the Mass that matters," but, in common with everybody except a small section of Anglicans, it does not regard the service known by that name as a service of the Church of England—how should it, seeing that the word appears in no Anglican formulary? One wonders how the official mind would regard an application for permission to go to Mass from a soldier who had entered himself as "C. of E."!

I purposely omit any further reference to the numerous complaints which officers have made on behalf of their men as to the way in which they have been neglected spiritually: neglect of duty is unfortunately not confined to any creed or class, and it would be unfair to impute it to any body as a whole. It may, however, be noted that the complaints are those of Churchmen, and appear in a Church newspaper. But I may be allowed to cite the reflection of "an officer in Kitchener's Army," who, after narrating what one would hope was an exceptional experience, continues:

It is a pity the Church of England cannot take a leaf out of the book of the Roman Church. In my last billet we had not been in it three days when the Roman priest came down and asked what men in my company were Roman Catholics. I gave him every facility to visit them, and I have given the men every facility to go to Mass. When I think of these Roman priests, ill-paid, ill-fed, poorly clad, going about carrying out their Master's command, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," I wonder how the priests of the English Church dare to be so self-satisfied.

The matter which naturally weighs most heavily upon the soldier who has been instructed in Catholic principles, is the difficulty of getting to confession. It must be remembered that, save in the special cases indicated in the Book of Common Prayer, hearing confessions is no part of the duty of an Anglican clergyman. Instruction in the science of the soul may form part of the curriculum of certain theological colleges, and is doubtless given with some thoroughness at Cowley and Mirfield: but it is certainly not officially regarded as an essential part of clerical training. Notwithstanding the increasing adoption of the practice among Anglicans, it may safely be asserted that the average parish clergyman neither



exercises, nor is expected to exercise, privately, "the power of the keys,"<sup>1</sup> save, perhaps, in cases of sickness; and the average congregation would be as surprised to be reminded of their "Easter duties" as a Catholic congregation would be astonished at the absence of such a reminder. Even now, the straightforward announcement, "confessions will be heard," is rare on church notice-boards, where "the vicar may be seen in the vestry" is the recognized intimation that if you choose to present yourself, you can "receive the benefit of absolution." For it must be remembered that until quite recent times confession was regarded by Anglican clergy as only permissible as an occasional luxury, and that anything like the Catholic practice of habitual confession was strongly discouraged.

This being so at home, it is obvious that the difficulties in the way of confession either in camp or abroad, are for an Anglican soldier practically insuperable. Given a priest, the position of a Catholic is simple enough, but that of the Anglican is widely different. The Catholic is not only certain that his confession will be heard, but he knows that the priest will have been duly instructed and authorized for his office. The Anglican has not only to find a clergyman who will hear him, and to run the risk of a refusal, but he has no certainty that the minister has the knowledge necessary for his task. Even granting the first condition, the penitent is still in the position of a man who submits his bodily ailments to a well-intentioned amateur rather than to a duly qualified practitioner.

Now it may safely be predicated that whatever qualifications the Chaplain-General may demand of the clergy under his rule, that of hearing confessions is not among them. The clergy for the most part do not regard this as part of their work, and in some cases they definitely decline to undertake it. The incident of the naval chaplain who refused to hear the confession of a naval volunteer, but suggested that it should be sent by post to his parish clergyman in England—it is the clergyman himself who records the fact<sup>2</sup>—may perhaps be regarded as exceptional; but that the refusal is common enough is shown by the letter of another clergyman who, having mentioned the difficulty of obtaining a confessor,

<sup>1</sup> Keble's poem in the *Lyra Apostolica* on "The Three Absolutions" (in the Daily Service, in the Communion, in the Visitation of the Sick") makes it clear that at that period all three were regarded as equally sacramental.

<sup>2</sup> *Church Times*, Sept. 18, 1914.

writes to record that he knew one penitent who found someone who would hear him. Another writes that the lads to whom "it has been [his] privilege to teach the Catholic Faith all tell the same story—no opportunities for hearing Mass; no priest who is able or willing to hear their confessions. What wonder then," he continues, "if they turn (as some by their own admission are doing) to the priests of another communion in their great need?"—finding in these both the willingness and the ability which their own clergy cannot supply.

The evidence of the difficulty of receiving Holy Communion is also abundant, though it is right to say that there are many touching accounts of its administration under circumstances which necessitated great devotion and zeal on the part both of celebrant and recipients. Another matter which has raised discussion, is as to how far the Church of England at home has succeeded in teaching its members, whether educated or the reverse, truths which Anglicans as well as ourselves regard as fundamental. The contrast between Catholic and Anglican teaching is set forth at length in a pamphlet with a strange title<sup>1</sup> by the late Rev. C. L. Marson, from which a passage may be quoted showing the writer's estimate as to their respective results:

What hold has Anglicanism got upon the ordinary Anglican? None whatever. A Roman Catholic will spend ten solitary years in the Australian bush and be faithful to his religion, and return to it on the first opportunity; but his English brother cannot be trusted for ten minutes near a strange conventicle or he will quickly go a-whoring after the dreary gods of division and negation.

With regard to the less educated, Father Paul Bull, of the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, found that of 192 Church of England men out of 231 wounded in two base hospitals, only 21 had received Holy Communion as boys before enlisting and 17 afterwards, but in every case abroad: in no single case had they received communion when at home while in the Army. This, however, may, at any rate in part, be put down to neglect or carelessness, neither of which is unknown among our own folk; but however careless a Catholic may have become in later life in the practice of his religion, he "knows what he believes and what a chaplain is for, and how to use his ministrations." The difference is stated with

<sup>1</sup> *Huppim, Muppim and Ard*. Society SS. Peter and Paul, 6d.

perfect frankness by an Anglican chaplain at the front, who, in the course of a long article on "The Church and the War," writes:

The almost entire ignorance of the average soldier of the elements of religion, the paucity of confirmed men or regular communicants, is simply appalling. A Roman Catholic soldier knows at once what to do—he asks for a rosary to help him say his prayers; he asks you to get him a priest; he wants his Communion or to make his confession. He knows the Gospel of Christ; he understands about repentance, about grace, about the presence of the unseen army of saints and angels. Our poor Tommy, not from any fault of his own, but from our neglect, is quite unconscious of most of this as a reality.<sup>1</sup>

This passage is one of many which might be cited as examples of the candour with which the defects of their system are recognized by Anglican clergy, and of their generous tributes to the work of the Church in the field. These tributes, so numerous that it is unnecessary to quote further, are paid not only to the clergy but to the laity: that the zeal and devotion of both is not likely to be without its effect is indicated by another writer, who speaks of "the great company of Anglicans—soldiers, orderlies, doctors, nurses, chaplains, etc.—living in a Catholic country day by day, feeling a need for religion, who will ask themselves, 'Does Anglicanism give us what these Catholic allies of ours find in their religion?'"

The writer continues:

Here we have churches crammed day by day with Roman Catholics doing just the same work as we are doing. They find time to pray, to make their confessions and communions. Why do not we? Why do we not want these things?

Here a question presents itself. What effect has Anglican teaching produced upon the average Churchman with regard to his relation to the Catholic Church abroad? He is taught that his Church is one in faith with the Church in France: why then does he not avail himself of the privileges offered by the open doors and by the Presence which he knows to be therein? How far this is from being the case is strikingly shown in a letter, evidently by a non-Catholic, in the

<sup>1</sup> The relative position of the Catholic and the Anglican is thus briefly summed up by another writer: "The one knows what he believes and knows what a chaplain is for, and knows how to use his ministrations: the other has no definite creed and almost entire ignorance of the elements of religion."

*Times* for August 14th—a letter so remarkable on many grounds that it seems worth reproducing in its entirety:

So many of us are visiting France just now and making or renewing acquaintance with the French that it seems desirable that we should know something about the religious standpoint of our Allies. Religion has of late been so conspicuous in the French political arena and has suffered such hard blows that we are apt to conclude that it is moribund. Anyone who visits France just now and sees anything of the life of the people will quickly be disabused of this idea. The writer has spent the better part of six months among the French wounded who came from every quarter and every class, and the universal acceptance and practice of religion came as a great surprise to him. Most men had their rosaries, and nearly all wore religious medals round their necks. When well enough they crowded to Mass, when sick they welcomed the visits of the *curé*, when dying they asked for the last Sacrament, and when dead they were buried with full Catholic ceremonial. Nor was this practice of religion confined to the soldiers; the services of the Church were well attended, and men and women, rich and poor, were constantly on their knees in the churches. As an English chauffeur who accompanied the writer into one of the French cathedrals remarked, "It is a curious thing about these French churches that you always find a lot of people kneeling about in them and praying—I suppose they will be Roman Catholics," a strange comment on their religion—and on ours. Whether this assiduity in religion is a result of the war only one who knew the country intimately in peace time could say, but the most casual observer can bear witness to the universality of religion at the present moment.

There is no doubt that the French note and are puzzled at the indifference we display, our lack of sympathy, and the apparent absence of all desire to understand. Very few of us attend Mass, or enter the churches; we do not even take the trouble to find out how to behave when confronted with religion in some passing ceremony. When the funeral passes we stare, and as for the Fête Dieu we photograph it. To a great extent this is due to a certain ingrained shyness and a determination not to allow ourselves to be shams. But at the present moment, when there are so many English in France, and when the impression we make on the Allies is of so much importance, it is a pity, even from the lowest motives, that we cannot overcome our shyness and adapt ourselves to our surroundings.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate the various matters for reflection which must suggest themselves to the

thoughtful Anglican in connexion with the religious situation created for him by the war: there remains another which deserves his consideration. A writer quoted earlier in this paper has described the situation at the front as "Kikuyu over again": but at the time he wrote he could hardly have anticipated that the actual circumstance which occasioned the Kikuyu controversy would have been repeated in connexion with the Army, and that with aggravating circumstances. We learn from the *Church Times* that combined services of the Kikuyu stamp have been held by Wesleyans in which Anglican clergy have taken part, the courtesy of the Anglican in one case being so great that he refused to vest himself in a surplice because the nonconformist had none! More than this, it appears that at least one Dissenting chaplain celebrated the Anglican communion service vested in surplice and stole, and that no intimation was given to those who communicated that the celebrant was not a priest of the Church of England! It would seem that this action was anticipated by the War Office, for at the recent Wesleyan Conference it was stated that all Wesleyan chaplains sent to the front should go through the form of ordination employed by that body, as "they had to minister to those of other communions than their own." It will be seen that the performance above recorded is a considerable advance upon the Kikuyu communion, at which the celebrant was an Anglican bishop.

Without endorsing the view that "Kikuyu is the most valuable coadjutor which Roman proselytizers can boast of," it must be admitted that action of this kind, combined with other matters of similar tendency already indicated, is continuing to produce results similar to those already effected by the original Kikuyu incident; and that at the front, as well as before going and after returning, men are seeking admission to the Church where they can claim as a right privileges which have been denied them even as a favour. The *Church Times* has lately given prominence to one such case, that of a young officer, a devout Churchman, "whose influence may hereafter be considerable," who was driven to secede from the English Church in despair of getting adequate spiritual ministrations from Anglican chaplains:

The cause of his secession was the Kikuyu-like proceedings of certain Church of England Army chaplains: he was ashamed to belong to a Church the ministers of which seemed to be at liberty openly to flout its fundamental principles on a point of

first importance. He said that he knew of many like secessions, produced by the same cause.<sup>1</sup>

Others have taken the same course "in order that they might at least have the opportunity of receiving the Last Sacraments if they were mortally wounded." The *Church Times* naturally does not approve of the course adopted, but entirely sympathizes with "the distress of those who discover that the Roman Church shepherds her children far more effectively than the English." Catholics, too, will sympathize with their distress, but will congratulate them on their discovery, which it may be hoped may lead in many more cases to the same happy conclusion.

But when "the authorities at home" are held responsible for this distress it would appear that the blame is placed upon the wrong shoulders. It is surely those who have imported into the Church of England doctrines and practices against which until recently she was understood to protest, and from which her official formularies are entirely free, who are responsible for what happens when those who have embraced these doctrines and are convinced of their truth find that they form no part of her authorized teaching. The evidence for this, so far as the Army is concerned, lies on the surface. Our greatest war up to the present culminated just a century ago: the next to it in importance dates back about sixty years. Does anyone suppose that the Church of England soldier under Wellington or in the Crimea had ever so much as heard of "the Mass and Mary" as "familiar words," or that the confessional was a matter of "regular experience?" The official Army religion was then what it is now; it is hardly for those who put new wine into old bottles to complain that the bottles are not equal to the strain. The faith of the Catholic soldier is now, as it was then, that of the Church of which he is a member, in which Mass and Mary and the confessional hold their rightful place. The faith of the Anglican soldier is nominally that of the Church of England: and "what does the Church of England stand for?"

JAMES BRITTEN.

<sup>1</sup> As this paper is going through the press comes the *Church Times* for Sept. 17 with a further letter from the writer here quoted. From this we learn that at a large military hospital in France or Flanders there are three chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian. The first has a place "provided for his special use only"; the other two "hold a united service" in a large room or hall. The writer speaks bitterly of the substitution of "Kikuyu mixture" for "general spiritual nutriment," and wonders what will be "the effect" of the Kikuyuism presented in hospital or at the front in place of the genuine religion of the Church of England and that by chaplains supposed to "represent" that Church.

## TO ANY SAINT

**B**EFORE the choirs of angels burst to song,  
In night and loneliness your way you trod—  
O valiant heart, O weary feet and strong,  
There are no easy by-paths unto God.

Darkness there was, thick darkness all around;  
Nor spoken word, nor hand to touch you knew,  
But One who walked the self-same stony ground  
And shared your dereliction there with you.

O valiant heart! O fixed, undaunted will!  
When all the heavens hung like brass above  
You faltered not, but steadfast journeyed still  
Upon the road of sainthood to your Love.

And was not it reward exceeding great  
To kiss at last with passionate lips His side,  
His hands, His feet? O pomp! O regal state!  
O crown of life He gives unto His bride!

Lovers there are with roses chapleted,  
But more than theirs is your Lord's loveliness;  
Your Love is crowned with thorns upon His head,  
And pain and sorrow woven in His dress.

THEODORE MAYNARD.



## ALL SOULS AND ITS THREE MASSES

**D**ESPITE the efforts of folklorists like Sir James Frazer and of rationalists like M. "Saint-Yves," to find an origin for All Souls' Day in the immemorial superstitions of the Celts, hardly any fact of ecclesiastical history is more satisfactorily established than the institution of this observance by a definite decree of St. Odilo, Abbot of Cluny, at the beginning of the eleventh century.<sup>1</sup> The effort to provide for some such general commemoration had already several times been made, and the impulse had always come, not from the rude peasantry or from the rulers and great landowners, but from the more fervent and cultured of the monasteries. The monks were the leaders in the campaign against the heathenism which surrounded them, and they were not in the least likely at that late date to surrender to the foe they had so long resisted successfully. Moreover, if there really had been a Celtic "feast of the dead" at the beginning of November, and the intention was to conciliate the people wedded to their ancient customs, it is difficult to understand why various other dates should at first have been locally adopted for this purpose. And yet we find that in different monasteries, November 14th and December 17th, January 23rd, June 26th and the Monday after Pentecost<sup>2</sup> were all for a while in favour as suitable days for a general commemoration of the faithful departed. These attempts did not apparently "catch on" outside the immediate sphere of influence of the religious house in which they originated, but the purpose of the monks was the absolutely sincere one of bringing succour to the multitude of holy souls, too vast to be dealt with individually, who were felt to have some claim upon their sacrifices and prayers. To take but a single example, chiefly because it occurs in an authentic contemporary document which had in all probability an Englishman for its author,<sup>3</sup> we may note the pro-

<sup>1</sup> May I here make reference to an article of my own on the "Feast of the Dead" in the *Dublin Review*, July, 1907, and to another by Abbot Cabrol in the *Revue du Clergé français*, November, 1909.

<sup>2</sup> See for all this, Mabillon, *A.A. SS. Benedict.* Preface to III. Saec. n. 101.

<sup>3</sup> This was Candidus of Fulda, who says that his family name was Braun (? Brown), and who wrote in a hand which G. Waitz pronounces to be distinctively Anglo-Saxon. He died in 845. See Waitz's Preface to the Life of Abbot Eigils, *M. G. H. SS.* xv. i.

vision made early in the ninth century at Fulda for such a general commemoration of the departed.

With the like prudence and devotion this man of good will (Abbot Eigils) decreed that the anniversary of Styrmius, the first abbot and founder of the monastery, together with the commemoration of all our brethren who had departed this life, should be celebrated by the offering of Mass, with psalmody and holy prayers, on the feast of St. Ignatius (*i.e.* of Antioch, then kept on Dec. 17th) the martyr of Christ, which falls only a little later than the proper anniversary, in order to obtain the intercession of so exalted a patron. When the decree for this was read to the whole community and the question was asked whether they gave it their approval all answered "we approve." And in case any one should suppose such a celebration to be vain and superstitious let him read the Collations of the Fathers and there he will find the prototype of this kind of observance.<sup>1</sup>

It was not until nearly two centuries after the date of this resolution that any commemoration of the dead was instituted which was adopted by the Church at large. The movement, when it came, was undoubtedly due to the initiative of St. Odilo of Cluny. Placed from 992 to 1048 at the head of a monastery which was then the most famous in Europe, sought out and consulted by crowned heads and by men of every degree owing to his repute for sanctity, Odilo found himself almost crushed under the burden of the appeals that were everywhere addressed to him and to his monks, imploring the succour of their prayers. It would seem in particular that extravagant tales were told of the efficacy of the Abbot's intercession in rescuing souls from Purgatory, or even—for the popular enthusiasm of those days did not stick at trifles—from the flames of Hell. Such stories then probably found ready acceptance even beyond the ordinary, for it must be remembered that a great part of Christendom was, or had been, on the tip-toe of expectation, looking for the end of the world in the year 1,000.<sup>2</sup> Even these tales we only possess in the form in which they were written down thirty or forty years later, and we may be quite sure that during that interval they had lost nothing by repetition. Perhaps it will serve our purpose to borrow the narrative of Sigebert of Gembloux, which he gives under the year 998:

At this time a certain religious man returning from Jerusalem,

<sup>1</sup> *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, Scriptores, vol. xv. part i. p. 232.

<sup>2</sup> Although the panic of that age has been very greatly exaggerated, there is no doubt that it was a time of great popular disturbance and extravagant credulity.

when entertained for a while in Sicily by the courtesy of a certain anchoret, learned from him among other matters that there were places hard by which used to cast up burning flames, which by the inhabitants were called the Pots of Vulcan, wherein the souls of the reprobate, according to the quality of their deserts, did suffer divers punishments, the devils being there deputed for the execution thereof, whose cries, fits of passion or of terror, sometimes with howlings also, he said he often heard while they lamented that the souls of the damned were taken out of their hands by the alms and supplications of the faithful, and most of all at this time by the prayers of the monks of Cluny, who prayed without ceasing for the eternal rest of those that were deceased. The Abbot Odilo having been apprized of this by the said pilgrim on his return appointed throughout all the monasteries under his obedience that as upon the first day of November is kept the great solemnity of All Saints, so upon the day following commemoration should be made of all the faithful that rested in Christ. Which rite passing into many other churches brought about the observance of the day of All Souls.

Although the substance of this story remains everywhere the same, still the different authors who narrate it vary considerably in details. The hermit, for example, is variously located in Africa, Sicily and the neighbourhood of Vesuvius, in some it is stated that the pilgrim was a native of Rodez, in others the hermit is made to question the pilgrim as to his knowledge of Cluny, and to charge him with a message for the Abbot, urging on the community of Cluny to fresh exertions. One sentence in the account of Ralph Glaber, the earliest in date of the writers who repeat this tale, is of interest because it deals with a fact of which the writer, himself a monk of Cluny, must have had personal knowledge. "It was the custom," says Glaber, "in that monastery, as we ourselves have observed, to keep up a continual succession of Masses from the first hour of dawn until dinner-time, so many were the brethren to say them. Moreover, their Masses were so worthily, so virtuously, so reverently said that it seemed to be a function of angels rather than of men." According to a further story told by Jostald, the biographer of St. Odilo, Pope Benedict, having died and gone to Purgatory, appeared to the Bishop of Ostia after a long interval and implored him to persuade his successor, Pope John, to ask Odilo's prayers on his behalf, for that until he had the assistance of those prayers, he would never be released from his pains.

However credulous and extravagant all this may sound, it must be remembered that these stories were probably invented or amplified, after the event, to meet the requirements of the hero-worship which St. Odilo inspired in his followers. There is nothing in the Abbot's decree of institution to show that the measure was in any way inspired by such legendary beliefs. The document only states that "as the feast of all the blessed Saints was already celebrated throughout the Church of God, so it seemed desirable that at Cluny they should also keep with joyous affection the memory of all the faithful departed who have lived from the beginning of the world until the end."

Almost more interesting than the original ordinance of St. Odilo at Cluny is the summary of it which was very shortly afterwards committed to writing at Farfa, an Italian abbey which had lately come under the obedience of the Cluniac reform. Here we find the monks of Farfa recording how

It was enacted with the consent and at the request of all the older monks of Cluny that, as in all the churches of God that are erected throughout the world the festival of All Saints is duly kept upon the first day of November, so amongst us on the morrow there should be kept a solemn commemoration of the Faithful departed, in the following manner.

The entry then goes on to specify the various ritual observances by which the celebration should be marked, for example, that twelve candles should be lighted before the altar and ten behind it, that copes and albs should be worn by certain of the brethren in choir, that all should make an offering at the Mass, and so on.

The manuscript which contains this is the actual archetype, now preserved in the Vatican, and it was written while St. Odilo himself was still alive,<sup>1</sup> probably about the year 1015. In another place it directs that special alms were on the same day to be distributed to the poor.

After chapter on All Saints day let the dean and the cellarer provide refreshment for all the poor who present themselves, as it is our custom to do on Maundy Thursday, and anything which is left over in the refectory is to be handed over to the almoner to be given in charity. On the same day after the evening office all the bells shall be rung and Vespers for the dead

<sup>1</sup> See Albers, *Consuetudines Farfenses*, Preface, p. xiii. "Ubi venerabilis pater Odilo vel ut lucerna radians adhuc fulget." *Ibid.* p. 2.

shall be chanted. In the morning a High Mass shall be sung for the dead at which all shall offer publicly, and in private all the priests will also celebrate for the repose of all the faithful departed<sup>1</sup> and twelve poor men shall be fed. And that this decree may have force for the future we will and request and command that it be observed both in this place and in all other places that depend upon it and if any one else takes example by this our pious invention let him become a participator in all our good prayers.<sup>2</sup>

The compiler who drafted this ordinance at Farfa has done his work very clumsily. When he speaks of "this our pious invention" (*ex ista nostra fideli inventione*) he evidently is quoting from the original decree of which he had a copy before him and he can have had no thought of suggesting that this new observance had actually originated at Farfa. The novelty of this All Souls celebration is further emphasized by the fact that there is no indication of any similar practices in the oldest known customs of Cluny (*Consuetudines Cluniacenses Antiquiores*) which have been edited by Dom Bruno Albers in the second volume of the same series.

There are, however, indications which make it intelligible why a general commendation of the faithful departed thus attached to the second day of November had a better chance of becoming widely known than when the same observance was assigned to arbitrary dates. Undoubtedly the thought of the glory of all the Saints commemorated upon November 1st seemed to require as its complement that some remembrance should be had of that other army of the Church of God made up of the suffering souls who had also passed out of this world. But furthermore there was undoubtedly in some places a custom, dating back to the beginning of the ninth century, or even earlier, of reciting the psalter, or a considerable portion of it, for the souls of the departed at the beginning of each month. This seems to be clearly indicated in the petition of the monks of Fulda to the Emperor Charlemagne in 811. They were to recite on the first day of every month "one Vigil and fifty psalms." (*In kalendis vero omnium mensium unam Vigiliam et quinquaginta psalmos.*)<sup>3</sup> It would therefore have appeared only natural

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript is very carelessly written, and in the original text the words *publice* and *privatim* have obviously been interchanged, cf. p. 124 *ib.*

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 134.

<sup>3</sup> Albers, *Consuetudines Monasticæ*, III. p. 72: cf. *ib.* p. 110. There is also other evidence of the same or kindred practices at the beginning of each month.

to give this monthly practice an exceptional development on the one particular occasion in each year when it coincided with the solemnity of All Saints.

Whatever may have been the grounds which recommended it, the new observance, as I have just stated, appears to have spread rapidly. It is difficult, however, to give specific proofs and I must content myself with recording this impression and with pointing out the inconclusiveness of such inferences to the contrary as might be drawn from the absence of any mention of All Souls in the majority of the calendars of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There was, it seems, a very general feeling that the Commemoration of the Holy Souls, not being a festival, had no proper claim to be entered in the Calendar or even in the Martyrologium, and we can at least point to one definite instance in which the observances of the day were carried out with elaborate thoroughness, although no sign of the celebration is to be met with in the local Calendar, itself an official document carefully revised. This was at Cîteaux, the mother-house of the Cistercians and a centre of widely-radiating influence. It was one of the distinctive features of this reform that an *exemplar* or pattern copy should be kept of such documents as the Rule, Martyrologium, Calendar, etc., and as some of these have been preserved, we are enabled to see that no reference to All Souls appears in the Calendar at the very time when such regulations as the following were binding throughout the whole Order.

On the commemoration of all the Faithful Departed, and on the commemoration of our parents, brothers and sisters and all our relatives and benefactors and also on that day when after our annual chapter we make solemn memory of all the monks, novices, lay brothers and inmates of our houses who may have died in the preceding year, furthermore on the annual commemoration of all the deceased bishops and abbots of our Order which takes place on Jan 11th, we celebrate a solemn office (for the dead) with vespers, vigils and lauds &c, &c.<sup>1</sup>

All this, we may note incidentally, makes it plain that the day following All Saints was only one of many similar memorial celebrations observed among the Cistercians in the twelfth century, but in a translation of this portion of the

<sup>1</sup> Guignard, *Monuments primitifs de la Règle cistercienne*, p. 140; cf. p. 301 and pp. 387, 388, with the rubric on p. 308. See also the Canterbury Calendars in the *Bosworth Psalter*.



Rule, which Guignard considers to have been executed before 1230, we find the first of these days already described as the "Jour des Ames" (*Au jour des ames après feste tous sains, etc.*).<sup>1</sup>

Indeed there can be little doubt, despite the silence of most of the Calendars, that long before this date the new institution had spread all over Europe. It has been stated upon the authority of a somewhat late chronicler that Bishop Notker introduced the commemoration of the Holy Souls into his diocese of Liège before his death in 1008, but this tradition is to say the least doubtful.<sup>2</sup> What is more certain is that through Lanfranc it must have been introduced in the days of William the Conqueror to practically all the Benedictine monasteries in England. In his Constitutions, drafted primarily for Christ Church, Canterbury, the great Archbishop directs that on the day after All Saints "every priest is to celebrate Mass for all the faithful departed."<sup>3</sup> In Rouen we learn from the Archbishop, John of Avranches, who died in 1081, that all the observances proper to such a celebration were carried out in his time with fitting solemnity.<sup>4</sup> Among the Carthusians All Souls' Day was certainly kept before 1137,<sup>5</sup> and probably even earlier, while Hildebert of Le Mans, who died in 1134, assumes in his sermons that the three days sequence of All Halloween, All Hallows and All Souls<sup>6</sup> must be familiar to all his hearers. That Hildebert himself should have known it is not surprising, for he had been a Cluniac monk, but on the other hand, we cannot doubt that, as Archbishop of Tours, he helped to spread the observance throughout all his province. Indeed, its rapid acceptance must have been largely due to the fact that most of the best and most influential Bishops—men like Lanfranc, St. Anselm, St. Hugh of Grenoble, Hildebert, etc.—had been monks, and naturally introduced wherever they went the devotional practices with which each had been familiar in his own respective Order. In practically all the early consuetudinaries, most of which belong to the thirteenth century, as, for example, that of Reims or Bayeux, and even as far south as Marseilles, the commemoration of All Souls was known. Moreover, in the comparative remoteness of Milan, we dis-

<sup>1</sup> See Guignard, *Monuments primitifs de la Règle cistercienne*, p. 457.

<sup>2</sup> See Sackur, *Die Cluniacenser*, II. 476, but on the other hand, cf. G. Kurth, *Notger de Liège*, I. p. 245.

<sup>3</sup> Migne, *P.L.* vol. 159, p. 477.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* vol. 147, p. 60.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* vol. 153, p. 655.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* vol. 171, p. 741.



cover that before the middle of the eleventh century a celebration in honour of all the faithful departed had been introduced, although the day chosen was not in this case the second of November, but in the middle of October.

But now let us turn to the remarkable privilege which the Holy Father has just granted to All Souls' Day, allowing each priest on that occasion to say three Masses for the repose of the departed,<sup>1</sup> just as three Masses are said by each priest on Christmas morning. As Pope Benedict explains in the course of his Apostolic Constitution, this privilege has for more than a century and a half been enjoyed by the clergy of Spain and Portugal. It was conceded to them, he points out, by his illustrious predecessor, Pope Benedict XIV., at the instance of King Ferdinand IV. of Spain, and of King John V. of Portugal; and the present Constitution proceeds closely upon the lines laid down in the Indult *Quod expensis* issued by Benedict XIV. on August 26, 1747. At the time this Indult was published the custom had only been known in the Kingdom of Aragon, and there the rule was enforced that while religious were permitted to say three Masses, the secular clergy were only allowed two. Pope Benedict, however, for the sake of avoiding invidious distinctions, granted the privilege of three Masses, afterwards extended to a large part of Spanish America, to all the priests of Spain and Portugal indiscriminately.

The question of the lawfulness of saying more than one Mass on the same day, a question very variously answered at different periods of the Middle Ages, has been practically settled by a decree of Innocent III. addressed, it is interesting to note, to the Bishop of Worcester in 1212, now incorporated in the *Corpus Juris Canonici*. "We reply," he wrote, "that except on the Nativity of our Lord, unless some reason of necessity urge it, it must suffice for a priest to say one Mass only in a day." On this question of the multiplication of Masses I have touched previously in the pages of THE MONTH, but as the article is nearly twenty years old, I make no scruple of repeating here what I then wrote.

Speaking, I said, of the mediæval period down to the end of the twelfth century, the conclusion from many early documents seems to be irresistible, that not only every Bishop and every individual priest considered himself free to celebrate Mass daily, but that it was usual, when obligations of this kind

<sup>1</sup> The Apostolic Constitution is dated August 10, 1915.

accumulated, for priests to say not one, but two, three, or even more Masses upon the same morning. I am even inclined to think that by the *speciales missæ* of which we hear both at Attigny and in the *conlaudatio* of the Synod of Dingolfing (A.D. 769 or 771), we must understand the special *Missa pro Defunctis*, which was said in addition to the Mass of the day, just as down to very recent times the recitation of the Office for the Dead, even on the Commemoration of All Souls itself, was always superadded to the ordinary Office of the Church. It is, of course, no new discovery that at this period it was not uncommon for priests to say more than one Mass in the day. But there is a tendency to believe that the practice was always regarded as somewhat of an abuse, and that the multiplication of Masses was caused very largely by a spirit of greed, or by some other unworthy motive. At the epoch with which we are dealing, though abuses may no doubt have existed, the custom of duplicating, even on ordinary weekdays, seems to have been regarded by holy bishops and monks with no suspicion, but rather looked upon as a commendable act of charity when it brought relief to the suffering souls of their brethren who had died either in their own or any federated monastery. There is certainly no condemnation of the practice, which, be it noted, was common in Spain, in the fifth canon of the twelfth Synod of Toledo, A.D. 681.

Some priests [so runs the decree] if they say several Masses on one day, only receive Holy Communion at the last of them. This must never happen in future, under pain of a year's excommunication for each Communion so neglected. A priest must communicate every time that he offers the Holy Sacrifice.

What the Council condemns is clearly not the repetition of the Masses, but the neglect to communicate at each of them. Again, in the Acts of the Synod of Dingolfing, in 932, we find a list of feasts and fasts, and it is explicitly enjoined upon the clergy that on all the days of this latter class each priest must say three Masses as a matter of duty. The Synod of Trier, in 1227, makes special mention of the Mass for the Dead which it was always permissible to offer in addition to the Mass for the day, and in 1092, the Synod of Seligenstadt contented itself with enjoining that no priest must say more than three Masses.

We find that Gregory of Tours at an earlier date, as he tells us himself, celebrated as many as seven Masses in one day,

though he is careful to add, in deference to the canons which were then in force, that he said them all at different altars; and Walafrid Strabo had heard on credible authority that Pope Leo IV. was sometimes not contented with fewer than seven or nine. These, however, as sufficiently appears from the terms in which they are spoken of, were clearly regarded as extreme cases. On the other hand, it seems undoubtedly to have been the common practice during many centuries for devout and earnest priests to add a second Mass *pro Defunctis* to the Mass for the day, and, apart from Christmas Day, on vigils, All Souls, and other special occasions, the celebration of three Masses was in some places an ordinary usage.<sup>1</sup>

How and when the custom first arose in the Kingdom of Aragon of saying two or three Masses upon the day of All Souls is by no means clear. Villanueva is of opinion that the custom of celebrating more than one Mass on this day, a custom which he is satisfied first took its rise in the diocese of Valencia, must have originated after the fourteenth century. The reason he gives is that he had carefully studied an *Expositio Missæ*, a manuscript work on the Mass, written by a certain friar, William the Englishman, who was lecturer in theology in that city in the days of our Edward III., and that there, though the author discusses at considerable length the causes and occasions for which it might be permissible for a priest to duplicate, he makes no reference to any privilege belonging to the day of All Souls.<sup>2</sup> To Villanueva it seems equally improbable that the custom owed its origin to any formal brief or concession of the Holy See. No trace of any document of this kind was to be found when he, at the beginning of his literary journey (*viage literario*), undertook his very thorough examination of the archives of Valencia. The one paper of interest which he found relating to the subject was a liturgical consultation drawn up in 1658, by Francis Crespi de Valdaura, O.P., Bishop of Vich, in answer to an appeal for information sent round to various dignitaries of the Church by King Philip IV., who apparently wished to introduce the same custom into Castile, in which province it was at that time not known. Bishop Crespi in his reply notes that it was the usage for the religious of the diocese of Valencia, with the exception of the Jesuits, to offer three Masses on All Souls' Day, whereas the secular clergy

<sup>1</sup> See THE MONTH, December, 1896.

<sup>2</sup> Villanueva, *Viage Literario*, vol. ii. p. 5.

only said two, and in this matter the Jesuits followed the example of the seculars. He then goes on to remark that the Jesuit theologian De Lugo (*De Euch.* Disp. 20), together with Crisantio Solario in his *Pentateuchus Mortuorum* (p. 376), attribute the custom to a grant of the Holy See, but that he (Crespi) for his part had been unable to find any trace of such a concession, though it was stated in the Provincial Chapter of Valencia in the year 1553 that Pope Julius III. had "approved the custom." Now this language, as he reasonably points out, implies that the practice had been introduced at an earlier date, and in any case approbation is quite a different thing to the institution or grant of a new privilege. Bishop Crespi accordingly rejects the suggestion that this multiplication of Masses had originated with the Holy See, the more so because in spite of assiduous search he had been unable to come across any bull or papal document which embodied such a concession. On the other hand, noticing that it was the custom, at least as a matter of form, for the clergy in his own diocese of Vich every year to ask his leave or that of his Vicar General to duplicate on All Souls' Day, he had been led to the conclusion that the practice of offering more than one Mass had in the beginning been based upon nothing more than the simple permission of the local Ordinary. And, as he goes on to argue, the granting of such permission would not have been without reasonable motive. Many theologians then maintained that the simple convenience or consolation of the faithful would justify a parish priest on such a day in duplicating, especially if he obtained the permission of his bishop. Some canonists held that if a royal personage or a great lord or prelate wanted to go upon a journey, starting at an early hour, and wished to hear Mass first, that would constitute sufficient reason for a priest to duplicate if he had to say Mass in his parish church later in the morning, and others again considered that the fact of there being a funeral in the parish on a particular day justified a priest in saying two Masses, one for his people and the other for the dead. This, the bishop argues, was not a matter of precept or necessity, but only of consolation to some devout mourners, and there were stronger grounds for putting forward this motive of the consolation of the faithful as a reason for duplicating on All Souls' Day, for on that occasion they particularly wish to have Mass said for their dead relatives in the cemeteries or chapels in which their relatives are interred.

And indeed Bishop Crespi's line of argument here seems to be very sound and natural. No one who has not studied the matter can have any idea of the extent to which, towards the close of the Middle Ages, the custom had spread by which testators directed in their wills that their remains should be interred within the precincts of this or that church or graveyard, almost always belonging to one of the mendicant Orders. This was particularly the case in Spain, and the religious communities, more especially those of the Friars Preachers and the Friars Minor, were besieged with applications from all sorts of people of consequence who desired to be buried in their midst. Bishop Crespi, who had been a Dominican and Provincial of his Order, knew the position well. His explanation of the origin and development of the custom in Aragon consequently amounts to this: that at first application used to be made by the clergy to the Bishop for leave to duplicate, *i.e.*, to say two Masses, upon the day of All Souls, the application being based upon the need of having special Masses said in the cemeteries and mortuary chapels under their care. In Aragon, it seems, and particularly in Valencia, the Bishops came to grant such permissions very readily. But this led to two developments, first to the application being treated as a matter of form, because leave was practically never refused; secondly, to the putting forward by the regular clergy of a claim that, seeing that the secular clergy were allowed to duplicate, though they had comparatively little need of such a privilege, it was only reasonable that the mendicants and the monastic Orders, who had so many more illustrious dead to provide for, should say, not two, but three Masses on that same occasion. I make no doubt that this is really the true explanation of the custom of the Kingdom of Aragon. And here the Bishop's personal testimony is most valuable:

I imagine [he says] that the Convent<sup>1</sup> of the Dominicans at Valencia, was probably the first to obtain permission to say three Masses on the one day and simply for this reason that within that convent were buried a multitude of people preeminent both in number and in quality. At the time when this custom arose the handful of friars resident there was far too small to cope with the demands made upon them. And this much I know

<sup>1</sup> It can be hardly necessary to point out that the term *convent* (*conventus*) is the correct technical designation of a house of mendicant friars. The popular English usage which limits it to a house of religious women has no authority in the language of the Canon Law.

from experience, that though in my time there were many more priests, and though all were permitted to say three Masses, it was still necessary to get other priests to come in from outside to say their Masses with us in order that we might discharge the obligations of that day.

Here, then, we have the origin of the curious distinction that the regular clergy should say three Masses and the seculars two, and hence also we come to understand why the Jesuits, who never much encouraged the practice of admitting lay persons to be buried within the precincts of their churches, and who in any case were of much more recent origin, were content to follow the practice of the secular clergy. As already stated, when the Indult of Benedict XIV. in 1747 extended the privilege from Aragon to the whole of Spain and Portugal, the distinction between seculars and regulars was abolished and three Masses were allowed to all priests indiscriminately. Let it be noted, however, that Pope Benedict enacted at the same time (and in this our present Holy Father has laid down the same strict obligation) that no priest could accept a stipend for more than one of the three Masses, and that all must be offered for the Holy Souls. As for the motive of this very welcome concession His Holiness lays stress not only upon the terrible spectacle of the multitudes of men in the prime of their age, now daily being hurried into eternity by a violent death, but also upon the actual insufficiency of resources and of priests in many parts of the world, to discharge adequately the obligations of Masses undertaken in former days in requital for the generosity of pious founders and benefactors.

HERBERT THURSTON.



## A TALE OF CRIME

**W**E are accustomed to associate deeds of darkness with great cities, where they find appropriate scenery in obscure rooms and ill-lighted alleys, an outcome of that multiplicity of life which leaves no perversion of nature unrepresented. But crime is a growth which may spring up anywhere, in the loneliest as in the most crowded districts, as obstinate in its refusal to be shut out by solitude as in its defiance of the glare of gas and the eyes of police. Let us pause for a moment on a tale of the Fens, a childish tale which may yet be called a tale of crime. For these wide solitudes have their points of passionate life—like sparks which burst or smoulder into flame; or, more happily, become extinguished on the way, averted dangers of which the world is ignorant.

It was on a winter night, in the midst of a Fen district, that Sarah Jane had her vision of the Devil.

At that time she was living where she had always lived, in a cottage of two rooms, situated in the Fens—a small cottage with red tiles, and dingy, whitewashed walls, whose one bedroom lay in the steep pitch of its roof. It stood by the road, and through the hours of daylight wore a noticeably rough and neglected aspect, increased by its broken fence into which dried branches had been thrust, its old green sheds, the lank poles of its drying-ground, the black fields which surrounded it and stretched into the distance till they were closed by the blue curve which makes a Fen horizon. So it seemed in the daylight; but when the January evening fell its windows appeared as lights in a great dimness—the even dimness peculiar to a flat country where there are no hills and valleys to make heights and depths of blackness, and the earth lies as a soft, unbroken shadow beneath the answering greyness of the sky. Sarah Jane knew from infancy that mysterious look, and felt a vague terror when she was out at night alone.

At that time she was thirteen, a brooding, ill-shaped child, whom various people considered imbecile; and who had indeed certain crooked turns of mind to correspond with her slight crookedness of shape. Sensitive to that exaggerated degree which occasionally accompanies physical deformity,



her powers of affection excessive and ill-regulated, her brain ill-developed, at once cunning and excitable—the poor child possessed from the outset of her life some qualities of a possible criminal. Unhappily, in her rough, lonely home there was little chance for her nature to be trained—either by the weak, good-natured father she adored, or the showy stepmother she equally detested; for it too often happens that these peculiar dispositions have only the most ordinary education. No one considered Sarah Jane extraordinary—she was a backward child, to the last degree unattractive. And meanwhile her love and hatred smouldered in her to a degree that was little short of insanity . . . until the day came that for ever afterwards was to have its place in her remembrance.

There would be no use however—it would be merely a waste of time—to follow her through the whole of that miserable day, one of those days of domestic wretchedness which in such rough homes wear an almost brutal aspect. For days she had lived in a state of smouldering frenzy, chiefly occasioned by growing jealousy; for she was certain that her father's affection was leaving her, and was becoming centred on Baby, her stepmother's only child. And on this evening, when she was already in a state of mind which might be said to approach the border-land of madness, she was roughly forbidden to accompany the others on the morrow upon an excursion to which she had for months looked forward—this decision being a mere freak of her stepmother's, who was always ashamed to be seen with her in public. No one wanted *her*! Her stepmother passed on as she spoke, going out with her husband on a visit to a neighbour. They talked and laughed as they went on to the road. Sarah Jane stood by the door, looking out into the night.

And then . . . she turned. She went back into the cottage, where she was to be alone with Baby all the evening. She did not hesitate, or pause, or ask herself what she was about to do. Even her steps had a certain definiteness, as if each of them went to an end which had been arranged. All day she had been stupid and incapable, but now an overmastering emotion made her keen. The feeling, indeed, was almost mechanical, as if a force that was not herself were moving her. Two words—and two words only—stirred her lips. "*Their Baby!*" said Sarah Jane. And then she smiled.

Inside the cottage the Baby sat alone—the two-year-old

child, expecting to be put to bed, sitting on the hearth and playing with its feet, having removed its little boots for the purpose. The Baby—to Sarah Jane the word was always with a capital—was a healthy child, not remarkable in appearance, with the soft outlines and babble belonging to its age; and Sarah Jane, as servant and as sister, had been accustomed to attend to it. Her temper was not in any way cruel or spiteful, and her stepmother left the child often to her care; she had never even wished to injure the little sister, whatever her torments of jealousy may have been. Even now her voice and manner were not harsh, though there was a strange expression in her eyes.

"Good Baby! Baby come for a walk with me," said Sarah Jane. The Baby, who had been expecting to be put to bed and was about to produce all its small powers of resistance, was agreeably surprised to hear this unexpected news, which it received with open arms and a flow of speech. Without attempting to understand its prattle, which indeed would have required an interpreter, Sarah Jane went to fetch its jacket and comforter, and proceeded to wrap it up with all due care. It was not until the small thing was protected against any possible injury from a January night, and its little face enclosed in a round bonnet, that Sarah Jane attended to herself. Her own toilet indeed was nothing more than a battered hat, and an old black shawl which she threw carelessly over her. Then she turned to the door, leading the Baby by the hand as it trotted along, talking to her ceaselessly. The door of the cottage closed behind them; and they went out together into the wide night of the Fens.

A shadowy night! through which the roads made pale lines, while earth and sky were one wide, solemn greyness. Without the least inward or outward hesitation, Sarah Jane turned her face towards the upland. After a time she took the Baby in her arms, for the trotting feet could not keep pace with her. It lay there contentedly, a heavy weight, already sleepy and inclined to doze. Sarah Jane went on always. There was a certain field in her mind—a field on the way to the upland, with a pond. She had heard her stepmother say continually that if the Baby were left alone there it would be drowned.

Night journeys seem long. It seemed to Sarah Jane as if this journey would go on for ever. The weight of the Baby seemed to drag her down; but she went on always,

without pausing to take breath. They were all a dream, the shadowy fields and ditches without even a hedge to mark them in the night. The road was heavy; her feet toiled wearily; yet she went on as if moving through a nightmare. And now the road became broader, lined with hedges; she was coming nearer to the field she sought. It was in a deeper dream that she stood at length by the tall stile which showed dimly in the night. The field looked shadowy, but it could be seen that the ground dipped; and she knew that in the hollow there was water.

"Good Baby! Baby run down to the water," said Sarah Jane.

The cessation of movement had awaked the child, but her familiar voice kept it from being terrified. Too sleepy to resist, it submitted quietly while it was put gently over the stile and on to its feet. Then it turned round . . . but, putting both her hands through the stile, Sarah Jane turned its face towards the pond. It must ~~run~~—~~run~~ to the water . . . and with these words she let go of it; and hurried homewards with her face turned from the stile. As a last sight she had seen (or imagined she had seen), the little creature hastening to the water. But not a sound came from the darkness that lay behind her, as with fast-beating heart she went on through the night.

What was her feeling? At first only the sensation of rapid walking and of hurrying heart-beats—then, more slowly, the overwhelming knowledge that she had done that which she had resolved to do. And then from that there grew another feeling, an undefined sense as if of pain and loss, springing merely from the physical sensation that her arms were empty when they had been full. From that in turn another mood developed, dim and awful as the shadows of the night. The night itself became alive behind her. A dreadful Being was pursuing her.

Sarah Jane had been of course to Sunday School, and had gained some ill-defined notions of religion; was moreover familiar with the dark traditions which haunt country places and the minds of the ignorant. These gave shape to her fancy—for even to herself it seemed a fancy, although she dared not turn her head to look, and although the notion was as overwhelming as if she had known it to be reality. It was a Fiend who pursued her—a Fiend with horns and tail, with dark stretching arms, and dark claws with long nails,

long nails that were not yearning for her soul, but for the shrinking flesh they meant to tear. She dared not turn her head, she dared not stop, and yet she dared not go towards her home—a feeling was on her that It would enter too, and that she would be alone in the cottage with It. Yet something must be done. With the courage of agony she suddenly turned, and leaped the ditch by her side; then rushed far onward into the wide darkness, and flung herself down on the ground upon her face. The Fiend seemed to belong to the long, pale line of road—she was alone now, beneath a weight of night.

There, then, she lay in solitude and darkness, the great hedgeless fields stretching round her on every side, the night enclosing her like some friendly Power upon whose bosom she had found protection. For a moment she was at rest. And then slowly through the darkness an awful consciousness defined itself—a consciousness more dreadful than the Fiend, more terrible than any fear of punishment. For it was not of punishment that she thought now—in her dream she seemed entirely unsuspected—but she saw herself living on from year to year with one untold secret always on her mind. And then suddenly she became entirely possessed with horror—a horror unspeakable, indescribable. And this was no fancy—it was reality. The village child had touched murder.

She could not lie still. With shaken, trembling limbs she raised herself in the darkness, and found her way to the road. Her agony was far too overwhelming for her to fear even the Fiend whom she had conjured. But neither did it leave her the least power of action. Her brain seemed broken. She could not even think. As she walked about in the road she could only howl—bitter, piercing sounds which rang far down the lonely road. They attracted the attention of some one in the distance—a man with a lantern, coming home from work.

He came up to her. But she could scarcely speak; her attempts at answers were broken into shrieks. He was slow and dull, and it seemed impossible for him to get any sense out of her words. Yet something he did hear of Baby in the fields—Baby in the Long Field—and the shrieks broke out afresh. Slow of comprehension as he was, the Fen labourer scarcely even attempted to understand her. Yet he thought it worth while after a time to turn his back, and go back

leisurely to look at the Long Field. Left alone, her agony turned to springs and leaps, a dance of misery hidden by the night. She never knew how long it lasted. There was a point of light at last in the distance—and then the lantern appeared—then showed the man. On his shoulder it seemed that a little heap was resting; and this at length proved to be Baby, sunk in sleep. For Baby, as it appeared, had never gone near the water, had never advanced more than a few feet from the stile. It was found there on the ground where it had fallen, lying in a small heap, abandoned to despair.

What need be said further? Without more than a word or two the man with the lantern escorted Sarah Jane to her home. She entered, and made up the fire which had become low in her absence; and then put Baby to bed as if nothing had happened. So it all passed.

So it passed. But this tale would not be worth recording, this story of a futile childish madness, if it were not for an enduring consequence which was the result of that fiend-haunted night. The vision of the devil with horns and claws became naturally less distinct as years went on; but Sarah Jane was left with a deeper feeling which served as a saving clause for the morbid child. For one brief hour she had given herself to the Powers of Evil, and from thenceforth had a wholesome dread of that wild dominion. In whatever way temptation assailed her afterwards it did not again assume the shape of crime.

M. A. CURTOIS.

## THE MENACE OF THE SLACKER

**M**ORAL liberty is man's highest prerogative; to be free to act according to reason and conscience belongs essentially to the perfection of human nature. Provided that freedom is intact man may tolerate other limitations to his liberty, since they cannot prevent him securing his final destiny. But since the power of self-determination, which includes ability to merit an everlasting reward, is so great and precious an endowment, man is rightly jealous of whatever seems to infringe it. God's law cannot, nor human laws in so far as they embody the law of God, for that law is always in accordance with reason and makes for human perfection. But beyond that sphere liberty is in possession and the human law which would rightly restrain it must come recommended by reason and acceptable to will. Such are many of the laws which the member of an organized State has to obey in virtue of his citizenship. For the better securing of liberty in more essential matters—liberty from foreign aggression or domestic assault—he agrees to live by rule and ordinance, and to give up a certain amount of his property or his leisure in the service of the State. He more than regains, as a member of a civilized community what he loses as an individual: in fact, he could recover his complete independence from human interference only by taking to the wilderness as a solitary. In some sort of organized State he must live, if he is to be civilized at all; it is merely a question under what form of government he can best find the advantages he desires with the least sacrifice of his own independence.

The ideal Democracy is government of the people by the people for the people. It is a government in the universal interest administered by those who are in the best position to know what that interest is. One need not be a disciple of the dreamer Rousseau, who went so astray as to the origins of human society, to agree that a perfect democracy, if attainable, is the form of government most suited to the dignity of rational beings. It is better for a man to attain his due development as a member of society through his own conscious efforts than to have the duties of citizenship prescribed for him by an external authority. Man is meant to



feel and to exercise responsibility in regard, not only to his own personal conduct, but also to his social duties. An enlightened and benevolent despotism would doubtless produce a better regulated State, but its citizens would have little chance of developing those political virtues which are part of the equipment of man as a social animal. But a perfect democracy is a mere dream, depending for its realization on perfect citizens, viz., men and women who have a right knowledge of what the common interest demands and sufficient strength of will to set aside all private interests that stand in its way. We have to put up with a much more imperfect system, wherein a group of men representing a fraction of the people, more or less upright in motive and more or less controlled by a variable influence called public opinion, make and administer laws which doubtless are meant to promote the public welfare, but which are by no means certain to do so. This system is indeed far from the ideal, and it gives scope for all sorts of corruption and abuse: the State is frequently sacrificed for party, and party is used for private ends. But in a rough and ready sort of way a good deal of liberty is preserved: there is almost absolute freedom of criticism and it is practically impossible to administer a widely-unpopular law. In that sense, *i.e.*, for its efficacy, not for its validity, law depends on the consent of the governed. Amidst many obstacles, some inherent in fallen nature and irremovable, the democratic ideal seems to be slowly evolving, and whatever be its imperfections and whatever the efficiency sacrificed by its adoption, it is hardly conceivable that communities once possessed of it will ever consent to be disfranchised. They may, indeed, be forced back by circumstances into political servitude, and not a few observers to-day are convinced that this world-crisis is an especially critical time for British democracy. If it fails in this great test, it may have to give place to another system. What is it that exposes democracy to such a risk to-day? The presence amongst us in considerable numbers of the slacker. The slacker we are assured has become so detrimental to the State that the spirit of our constitution may have to be altered in order to eliminate him.

The slacker may be defined to be a person who wishes to enjoy the rights and privileges of life in society, whilst evading as much as possible its duties and responsibilities. He is not a new phenomenon: the war, which makes such stern demand upon citizenship, has merely thrown him into greater



prominence. The slacker was with us before the war in the persons of the idle rich, the parasites who produced nothing but lived on the labours of others, who spent their days in the pursuit of pleasure, who gave to the public service only what the law forced from them in the way of taxes, who did nothing positive to promote the welfare of the community, but much to demoralize it. And the like opprobrious title attached to all in whatever station that pursued their own purely personal interests, either in idleness or perverse activity, to the real detriment of the State, such as the work-shy, the spendthrift, the gambler, the drunkard and the whole class of criminals. No community since the beginning of the world but has had its share of such undesirable elements. Not, indeed, till the break-up of the feudal and dynastic ideas and the growth of the modern democratic state was a clear idea of all that citizenship involved attainable. Even yet there are tens of thousands amongst us who ignore the fact that they owe something more than a mere contribution in money in return for all that the State confers on them. They have not realized the claims of citizenship; they do not see that the social benefits they receive point to corresponding social duties.

It is true that those duties are limited in scope; man was not created for the glory or prosperity of the State; he has a far higher and nobler destiny, and unless his service of the State is inspired and controlled by his obligations to God he sins by excess as the slacker sins by defect. Where Christianity decays the cult of country either decays as well or becomes exaggerated. However, within due limits the claims of patriotism are real, yet those claims are, and have been, disregarded by many who think themselves patriotic whilst they are merely selfish.

A healthy community can bear with a certain proportion of de-nationalized members. If the main bulk of its citizens are actively engaged in production, securing their own prosperity and, incidentally at least, the welfare of the State, it will not suffer grievously from the elements that neglect their duty. But if the number of the latter grows abnormally large, the health of the body politic necessarily suffers. If the State in an emergency cannot count on the devotion of its members, if individualism is pushed to such an extreme that the first and main thought of each is for himself, then it is in a very dangerous plight, and is certainly not in a condition to meet such a crisis as war. War is obviously the

most severe test of citizenship, for it calls on the citizen to risk his life for the State. The maintenance of the democratic idea amongst ourselves depends on a successful issue of this test. Can it be said that the number of British slackers in this crisis is so great that democratic government has proved a failure?

A war like the present, which, undertaken originally for the defence of the democratic ideal, speedily resolved itself, as far as we are concerned, into a struggle for the existence of this particular democracy, is one which manifestly calls for the whole energies of the State. We are fighting a nation thoroughly organized for war, and that cannot be done by a merely professional army. The Allies must be similarly organized if they are to succeed. We cannot fight Germany as we fought Napoleon. We have got a wolf by the ears: to slacken our grip or to let go would be to court destruction. A draw in this terrible game would be only less bad than a defeat. Justice, humanity, Christian civilization, demand the total overthrow of Prussian militarism. Of this the Allied Governments are thoroughly convinced. And the peoples of Russia and France and Belgium, suffering from the fangs of the wolf, realize this to the full. Only the British folk, to judge by their press and their politics, show some lack of comprehension. Casual murders by submarine and Zeppelin have not served to bring the war home to them, and party polemics running riot in the press have somewhat obscured the issues of the wider conflict. This is a point worth dwelling on for a moment.

No doubt our leaders are fully alive to all the features of the situation: it would argue in them an incredible degree of obtuseness to think otherwise. The assumption common to a certain class of newspaper that the Government knows less fact and possesses less principle than the able editor, is merely symptomatic of the growing licence of the Fourth Estate. If the responsible Government officials, who have all the sources of information which the press lays claim to, and, in addition, a vast amount of exclusive knowledge both as regards home and foreign affairs, and who have to answer for their actions at the bar of public opinion—if *they* cannot be trusted to deal prudently and effectively with the crisis, what alternative are we to look to? Government by the press? This fatuous suggestion has actually been made by a journalist <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Austin Harrison in the *English Review* for August.

conspicuous amongst his tribe for unsoundness of ethical principle, and serves incidentally to illustrate how entirely the democratic ideal has decayed in certain quarters. Our present system represents it poorly enough, yet here is a presumably sane writer suggesting that, in place of Cabinet government and open parliamentary debate, the country should be ruled by a committee of editors meeting in weekly conclave and deciding on what projects to promote and what to bar. When one reflects on what our press in the main is, a huge money-making concern divided into several trusts and swayed according to the interests of irresponsible proprietors, the idea seems sufficiently ludicrous. For the elected of the people we are asked to substitute self-elected plutocrats, working in the dark, with no check on their activities save the reports of their business managers! One would have thought that in view of the recent history of newspaper polemics this was hardly the time to suggest government by the press.

The Government have doubtless made mistakes—a good many in sum—but as things are there are no means of getting another set of more capable men to rule us. And each minister comes before the public, saddled with his own particular reputation, built up from the errors and inconsistencies as well as from the achievements of his past. Still one does not see how with the given machinery we can get a better set of men. Consequently, the only prudent plan is to make the best of what we have got. For practically the first time in history the country has got a non-party Government; if only it could secure for the time being a non-party press, its prospects would be much brighter. Everyone is agreed in regard to the end to be achieved,—why should the responsible Government, which is at least as competent and as well-informed, yield the choice of means to irresponsible journalists, each crying his particular nostrum? The press is calling for strong leadership and doing its best the while to make it impossible. Successful leadership implies a trustful following, but many papers are busy sowing distrust in the public mind of the only leaders we have got. A task of unprecedented difficulty is given to our chief men, viz., to convert an easy-going, liberty-loving, self-confident, unimaginative democracy into an active disciplined war-machine, upsetting in the process the traditions of centuries, trying to equip an insular people with a continental outlook. It is a task to tax the

united energies of all the leaders of all sections of our population, yet it is rendered almost hopeless by the personal feuds and the partisan axe-grinding of the press. Strangely enough, it is the question of the slacker which comes most to the front in this civil war: the endeavour to cure one disease results in the creation of another, as much worse than the former as the traitor is worse than the shirker.

The Government, we may take it, knows all that there is to know about the situation at home and abroad, and a good deal more than the most omniscient editor. To assert or assume, for instance, that it was a newspaper that discovered the shortage of shells, that it was the press that brought about the coalition Government, that journalists have had anything effective to say in regard to tactics abroad or domestic policy, is to ignore manifest witness to the contrary. The press is ineffective because it is disunited; it is disunited because it is ignorant; it is kept ignorant because many of its members could not be trusted not to try to increase their sales by divulging information useful to the enemy. And so the fierce discussion about conscription, lately raging in the papers, was largely academic because conducted on *a priori* lines; it cannot be made a practical issue till Government says how many men it wants and whether or not they can be raised voluntarily.

However, as it concerns the problem of the slacker, the discussion is not without its uses as illustrating the perils of democracy confronted with war. Napoleon raised his armies literally by a stroke of the pen, fixing the age of the levy and the number required. He was dealing with a people accustomed to discipline and amorous of military glory. He could not have raised them so amongst the "nation of shop-keepers" on the other side of the Channel, although, indeed, the ships that baffled him were manned partly by the aid of the press-gang. What, then, is that nation to do when it wants armies on the Napoleonic scale, yet cannot use the Napoleonic method? Its Government must use argument and persuasion, must supply information and urge motives, until the masses are as convinced as itself of the necessity of a universal effort. It is the masses which supply the motive power, which form the instrument of action. The Government may suggest and inspire, plan and direct, but until the popular will is with them they can do nothing. They cannot coerce unwilling subjects unless they have public opinion overwhelmingly

on their side, *i.e.*, unless the recalcitrant are few or scattered. We have lately seen that the penalties of the Munitions Act could not be applied to the 200,000 miners who violated its provisions, and that the ordinary law was seemingly powerless to prevent the (illegal) raising of Volunteers in Ireland.

If then a large and homogeneous section of the population does not rise to the height of a given occasion, a really democratic Government is severely handicapped. The task of convincing by mere words a peace-loving, individualistic, self-indulgent generation of the imminence of a deadly peril is enormous. No one knows this better than the pastors of the Church whose constant business it is to warn the sinner of the penalties of sin, and to persuade men to fulfil duties much more imperative than their duties towards the State, *viz.*, their duties towards God. In this colossal task, preaching by press and placard, the State has not been unsuccessful; whether it might not have safely done more by fuller explanation to bring the Prussian menace home to the citizen is a question which, not being a leader-writer in an Opposition paper, I have not the means of answering. For the past thirteen months a call to an heroic choice has resounded throughout the land, a terrible test of character, sifting the ardent from the sluggish, as a Roman emperor's persecution-edict sifted the true Christian from the false. Our wonder has been, not that so many have failed beneath the test, but that so many have stood it and responded. Whatever be the issue of this war, or the means adopted for its continuance, it is to the everlasting glory of this Empire that millions of its free subjects have clearly recognized and cheerfully obeyed what might easily be a summons to death in its cause. Up to this time that glory is undimmed, with the result that we are certain of the courage and character of our troops, whereas in a conscript levy the brave and the cowardly are mingled indiscriminately.<sup>1</sup>

Whatever, then, may be said as to the wastefulness and expense and inefficiency of the voluntary system, this high praise cannot be denied it. It calls for and it gets—men, men who have looked death in the face and freely chosen to encounter him. To say of any of our men in our present circumstances, what our enemies say of all of them, that he has

<sup>1</sup> Far be it from me to detract from the credit of the noble conscript armies of our Allies or to imply that any considerable number of their soldiers are serving unwillingly; the point is, they had no choice. The alternative before the conscript is service against the foe or a military execution, the risk, *i.e.*, or the certainty of death.

joined the Army as a means of making a livelihood, is to betray the rankest prejudice.<sup>1</sup> Certain notable words of his Lordship, the Bishop of Northampton, which have already been quoted in *THE MONTH*,<sup>2</sup> express so accurately and eloquently the ethos of this fine spirit, and its close relation with National Service, that they may profitably be reproduced here:

The moral obligation [said the preacher] of the individual citizen is equally imperative whether his Country's call reaches him as a compulsory law or as a freeman's opportunity. The voluntary system does not mean liberty to give or to withhold service. It is not a trap to catch the young, the thoughtless, the adventurous, the brave, and to screen the shirker, the money-grubber, and the craven. If it worked in so ignoble a fashion, it would break down in a month amidst the execration of mankind. Its success depends upon the universal recognition of a universal duty, to place our all at the disposal of our country,—our manhood, our wealth, our industry, our talents, our health, our limbs, our life itself. It is the spontaneous mobilization of an entire people: *the self-confidence of a race which knows that its slackers and shirkers will always be a negligible quantity.* Thus, from the moral standpoint, the main difference between a voluntary and a compulsory system appears to be this: under conscription the legislator decides for each citizen what form of service he shall render; under the voluntary system the decision rests with the citizen himself. It leaves him to weigh, before the tribunal of his conscience, whatever pleas withhold him from the post of danger: the plea of age, the plea of health, the plea of domestic ties, the plea of necessary employment in the public interest. Such a decision is always momentous even for the bravest. But for a true man and a true Christian it will never hang long in the balance. Unless the plea for exemption is clear and peremptory, he will find his place in the fighting line.

Recognition of the facts that the "voluntary system does not mean liberty to give or to withhold service," that "under the voluntary system the decision [as to the kind of service] rests with the citizen himself," that "unless the plea for exemption is clear and peremptory [the true man] will find his place in the fighting line," would conduce much to clear thinking at this crisis, by destroying the false antithesis often made

<sup>1</sup> Rektor Theodor Temming, the Editor of a German Catholic Soldiers' Prayer Book, unfortunately is not superior to this prejudice, for he writes—"On the side of the foe are hirelings, fighting for money, not for hearths and homes."

<sup>2</sup> June, 1915, p. 646. From a sermon entitled *Our Heroic Dead*.



between voluntaryism and national service. But the whole point of the Bishop's plea rests upon the truth of the words I have ventured to underline. The breakdown of the voluntary system at this moment would mean that the British Empire's proudest boast was false and unfounded; it would be a confession that its slackers and its shirkers were *not* a negligible quantity; it would mean that we could not beat our foe in our own traditional way, but must borrow methods hitherto alien to our spirit: it would mean that a free democracy could not command such devotion as a military bureaucracy. It is this feeling, I think, rather than any want of recognition of the military advantages of conscription, that is making the country hesitate to employ it. It is loth to give up a system which, whatever its drawbacks in point of efficiency, undoubtedly sends into the ranks finer moral qualities than can be secured by any other. Another Catholic prelate, his Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow, in his "War-Pastoral" of July, aptly voices this sentiment:

Some will say again that we should wait for conscription when the burden would fall equally on all. Those who answered the first call did not wait for conscription. All classes responded, and the classes, to which most of you whom I address belong, answered nobly and took more than their fair share in the first levies. Will you not do the same now? *You will not wait to be disgraced by compulsion*; you will not have it said of you, when the War is over, that you went only when you were forced.

Many keen and able pens have been exposing the many drawbacks of voluntaryism, but the only one which does not find abundant compensation in the character of the men the system secures is that it gives opportunity to the mean-spirited and callous to shirk their duty in their country's peril. We do not yet know whether these are really numerous enough to jeopardize our chances in the war or even to prolong it. But if compulsion becomes necessary the words italicized above suggest that whatever public service is exacted from conscripts it should not be service in the Army or Navy. Those services have no room for the selfish and the fearsome. On the other hand, to apply compulsion at this stage of the war would be to proclaim all thus constrained to enlist to have been slackers and shirkers; it would be an official declaration that they had had no justification in hitherto holding back: they would start their military career under the badge of the white feather. And though once in the ranks they would give a



good account of themselves, there would be an extreme likelihood of the Army dividing itself into two classes, the conscripts and the volunteers, to the injury of discipline and comradeship.

At the beginning of the above extract the Archbishop touches on the main argument in favour of compulsory service, the equalization of the burden of the country's defence. Though often pushed too far, it has certainly much force. It is monstrous that of two men equally eligible for active service one should be bearing all the risks and hardships of the trenches, whilst the other in personal ease and safety is extending his business at the expense of the soldier, or getting more wages on account of the war. This, as I have said, is the real gravamen of slacking. The slacker is not only neglecting his duty but is profiting by his neglect. But, although conscription would stop abuses of that sort, it is a mistake to claim for it that it would equalize burdens. The immense diversity of human conditions would alone make that impossible. One conscript might sacrifice practically nothing and be in reality better fed and clothed and housed in the Army than he was outside; another on entering would be giving up nearly all the attractions and amenities of life. One might find soldiering highly congenial: another abhor its every detail. And the exigencies of national service itself would cause the utmost inequality of lot. Conscription supposes that the skilled workmen should not be enrolled as soldiers, but employed in making munitions of war. What comparison is there between the lot of the men who have to use these munitions on the battle-field at the constant risk of life and limb and that of the men who work in safety at making them, drawing increased pay in their usual home surroundings? Conscription, then, cannot equalize sacrifice, although it can compel some sacrifice from all.

In the interests of the British Democratic State it is much to be hoped that the spirit of sacrifice will spread so as to obviate the necessity of enforced military service. Not that conscription is incompatible with democracy in itself; but it may prove destructive of the free British variety. There is little use in appealing to the case of France, a land which is the very home of officialdom, which has groaned for years under a persecuting Government and which in any case is forced by European conditions to maintain a national army. The British States of Australia and New Zealand, to whose

example we are constantly referred, have indeed a system of compulsory military training, but they afford no exact parallel, being communities as yet too small to maintain a professional army of any consequence. If they are to defend themselves they must rely on a general levy. But here at home, what compulsory service, whether industrial or military, portends in my mind is the approach of Socialism. We are tolerating much State intervention under war conditions which is undoubtedly socialistic in tendency. The railways are in a sort nationalized, the coal industry seems to be inviting nationalization, and we may be compelled, by the inaction of the slacker, to tolerate conscription, a much more decided step in the same direction. I wonder if its advocates fully realize this. They have not been left without warning. In a letter to the *Times*, dated September 3rd, Mr. H. G. Wells draws the following conclusion from strikes and industrial unrest in the face of a national crisis:

In a State [he says] where the workers have been taught to read and write, the nationalization of capital must precede the nationalization of flesh and blood.

In other words, compulsory military service is a step nearer the Socialist ideal than even the taking over by the State of the sources of production and the means of distribution. The worker without property will object to fighting in defence of the property of others, but will not refuse to fight for the property of the State. If this idea becomes widespread the formal introduction of conscription may lead to very unforeseen consequences. And, indeed, once grant the right of the State to send a man into the firing-line, that is, equivalently, to take his life, it seems well within the right of the State to take a thing of less value, viz., his property. Accordingly, if the logical process goes on, we may hereafter be invited, not to subscribe to War Loans, but to contribute "benevolences." The principle, of course, is already at work in all direct taxation, but direct taxation affects income, not capital. No wonder that many Socialists are in favour of conscription: the Socialist regime is essentially of that character, tending as it does, to the entire subordination of the individual to the State.

What, then, will save the British democracy from the necessity of making this perilous experiment? How can the slacker be roused to a conception of his duty and induced to

perform it? One way would be to allow a few German army corps to land in Kent and proceed to the ravaging of that fair county. But short of that drastic expedient, another has been suggested, the feasibility of which may be doubtful, but of the justice of which I am quite convinced. Let the Government proclaim that the country is in real need of men, and that, after a certain date, all men of military age and fitness, who cannot show that they are serving the State otherwise and who have no plea for exemption that will bear examination, will be forcibly enrolled according to need for home service, such as mending and making roads, reclaiming land, assisting farmers, guarding communications, and so forth. The National Register gives their names and addresses: they could not escape detection. The result would be, I think, a long and continuous procession to the recruiting-depots. To be made a soldier yet not allowed to fight nor associate with the fighting men, would revive the self-respect even of the most callous slacker. This, I may be told, would be conscription, the very system I wish to avoid. It would be, I grant, a threat of conscription, and I hope an effective one. But even if it had to be applied, it would only be on a small scale and only where and when it was strictly necessary. The law is not made for the just man.

J. KEATING.

# MISCELLANEA

## I CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### AN ADVANTAGE OF CATHOLIC HISTORIANS.

HAPPENING to consult for a certain purpose Mr. J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*, and Dr. Lingard's *History of England*, we were struck by the comparison between their respective accounts of the conduct of Innocent III. in regard to the disputed election at Canterbury in 1205, the election which led on to the final appointment of Stephen Langton to the primatial See, and the consequent quarrel between King John and Pope Innocent that had such serious results. The comparison seemed to afford an excellent illustration of the advantage a Catholic historian, as being in intimate touch with canonists and theologians of his Church, has over a Protestant historian in understanding mediæval events in which the relations between the Church and the State are involved.

Green's account is sufficiently given in the following passage from the book referred to:

The whole energies of the King were bent on the recovery of his lost dominions on the continent. . . . He assembled an army at Portsmouth in the summer of 1205, when his project was suddenly thwarted by the resolute opposition of the Primate and the Earl Mareschal. . . . The death of Archbishop Hubert Walter, a few days after their successful protest, enabled him, as it seemed, to neutralise the opposition of the Church by placing a creature of his own at its head. John de Grey, Bishop of Norwich, was elected by the monks of Canterbury at his bidding and enthroned as primate. In a previous, though informal gathering, however, the convent had already chosen its sub-prior, Reginald, as Archbishop, and the rival claimants hastened to appeal to Rome, but the result of their appeal was a startling one both for themselves and for the King. Innocent III., who now occupied the Papal throne, had pushed its claims to supremacy over Christendom further than any of his predecessors. Resolved to free the Church of England from the royal tyranny, he quashed both the contested elections, and commanded the monks who appeared before him to elect in his presence Stephen Langton to the archiepiscopal see. Personally a better choice could not have been made . . . but in itself the step was a

violent usurpation of the rights both of the Church and the Crown. The king at once met it with defiance.

The salient point in this account is that it represents Innocent III. as using the opportunity thus offered him to further his own purpose of converting the government of the Church into an autocracy, by violating the recognized rights of the English Crown and the English Church to choose for themselves their own prelates. Green was not an intentionally unfair writer of history, but he knew nothing of the law by which the Church in those days was governed, as indeed it is still governed in large part.

When we turn to Lingard we get a much more intelligible account of the history, resting mainly on the authority of Roger of Wendover, the St. Albans historiographer for the period in question. To save space we will refer directly to that contemporary writer, leaving the reader to compare the facts as he supplies them with the faithful version of the history to be found in the pages of Lingard. The original source of the dispute which had such momentous consequences, was, as Green reports, the disputed election at Canterbury in 1205. The monks at Christchurch, Canterbury, intent on vindicating their right to elect the Archbishop, a right which was threatened by the King and by the Bishops of the ecclesiastical province, the moment they heard of the demise of the previous Archbishop, proceeded to elect his successor in a very clandestine manner. Some junior monks met in the night time and elected their sub-prior, Reginald, and at once sent him off, with a letter in the name of their whole chapter ratifying the election and soliciting a Papal confirmation of their choice. They meant to keep the matter secret till the embassy had reached Rome, lest the King, on hearing of their act, should try to circumvent their purpose. When, however, Reginald reached the Continent, he made his election known and carried himself as the Archbishop elect. Thus the manœuvre came to the King's ears, and caused him to go down to Canterbury, where he called the monks together and bade them elect Walter de Grey, a favourite of his own, and his Treasurer of the kingdom. Walter de Grey then went to Rome to claim recognition by the Pope, and with him went a deputation from the King, some members of which were Christchurch monks, probably in his pay. At Rome the Pope had the matter inquired into judicially by a commission appointed for the purpose, before which each side laid

its arguments. The first question it considered was whether the right of election lay with the monks or with the Bishops of the province. It decided for the monks, on the ground that they had enjoyed this right for four centuries, whereas the Bishops' claim was of quite recent origin. As to the particular election, it decided, again on the strict canonical principles, that the election of Reginald was invalid because clandestine, and though afterwards ratified by the convent as a whole, had been originally made without warrant by some monks who did not form the *major et sanior pars conventus*. But it also declared null the election of John de Grey, on the ground that it had been made before the first election had been annulled. Innocent then, according to Roger de Wendover, tried to get the parties to agree on some one candidate with a view to his selection, but as this, after long disputes, proved impossible, he annulled both elections and forbade either of the two candidates to aspire any more to the archbishopric.

It was thus that the name of Stephen Langton was brought forward. The procurators from the convent were now in Rome, and it was not considered desirable to keep so important a see any longer vacant. So the Pope bade them make their choice there *in curia*, which was quite according to precedent, and suggested to them the name of Stephen Langton a man of tried virtue and learning—who was also an Englishman, and one of whom King John had spoken highly, regretting that his preferment to the Cardinalitial dignity should deprive England of his services. The Christchurch procurators, evidently in some fear of what their King might do to them if displeased with their choice, pleaded that they needed the King's assent before proceeding to another election. To judge by Innocent III.'s subsequent letter of expostulation to John, it would appear that he allowed two messengers to go to England to solicit that assent, but that they were stopped by the King at Dover, and no answer returned to their message. Accordingly the Pope, informing them that it was not customary when elections took place *in curia* to seek the assent of civil princes, bade them go on, which they did, electing the candidate recommended to them. John was indignant, said that Stephen Langton was his personal enemy, and proceeded to wreak his vengeance on the Canterbury monks and others. But we do not for our present purpose require to dwell upon that. Innocent had evidently

thought that he was suggesting a candidate who would be acceptable to John, and at once wrote him a courteous and friendly letter for the procurators to take back with them. But when the King responded with a defiant letter, quite remarkable, even in him, for its rudeness, Innocent sent him a second letter, still one of courtesy, in which he explained and justified his action in all the stages of the episode, and showed how he had refrained from resorting to the plenitude of his power as Pope, and had acted towards John with moderation and self-restraint.

We [he says in the letter referred to], although we have the plenitude of power over the same Church of Canterbury, deigned to implore your royal favour. And our messenger who brought to you the apostolic letters, asking you for your royal assent, brought to you also letters to the same effect from the Prior and monks of Canterbury, who had made the election under the mandate of the full chapter of Canterbury.

This letter, the text of which is given by Roger of Wendover, shows, as against Mr. Green's assumption, that Innocent III., so far from being high-handed in his use of his powers over the question of the Canterbury election was most conciliatory, only taking the steps which the exigencies of the case required to check the royal usurpations, and support the English ecclesiastical authorities in their necessary rights. And this is what Dr. Lingard brings out with his sure grasp of canonical principles, as is clear from a comparison of his account of the episode with the facts we have gathered from Roger of Wendover.

S. F. S.

#### THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE AND CARDINAL NEWMAN.

**E**LSEWHERE in this number we have examined and criticized an article by "Y" in the *Westminster Gazette* on "Religion and the War." "Y" had a second article in the same paper on September 9th, in which he replied to his critics. As it does not break new ground there was no need to refer to it in the article. But it quotes and seriously misunderstands a passage from Cardinal Newman's *Apologia* as if the Cardinal agreed with him.

On this point, therefore, for the honour of our great Catholic writer, we may make an observation.

The better [says "Y"] to pose this problem, let me take two passages from famous writers. The first is from Newman's *Apologia*:



To consider the world in its length and breadth, its various history, the many races of man, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts; and then their ways, habits, governments, forms of worship; their enterprises, their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts, the tokens, so faint and broken, of a superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers or truths, the progress of things, as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the whole race, so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, "having no hope and without God in the world"—all this is a vision to dizzy and appal, and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery, which is absolutely beyond human solution. What shall be said to this heart-piercing, reason-bewildering fact? I can only answer that either there is no Creator, or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from His presence.<sup>1</sup>

The other writer from whom "Y" quotes is the late Mr. Goldwin Smith. He classes them together in the inference he seeks to draw from their words. But the position they take up is by no means the same, and it is only Newman we are concerned with. "Y's" comment is contained in the following paragraph:

Here are two of the acutest minds of the last century both reduced to saying that the existence of an omnipotent and beneficent Creator cannot be inferred from any inspection of the universe as we know it. It must be inferred, if at all, by piercing behind the veil, by imagining some other state of existence in which opposites are reconciled, and, in the meantime, we must go on using terms which are mutually contradictory, either trusting to a religious authority which assures us that this process is legitimate or buoying ourselves up with the hope that things are better than they seem.

Here the essential point, as far as Newman is concerned, is that he is made to teach that "the existence of an omnipotent and beneficent Creator cannot be inferred from any inspection of the universe as we know it." But that is just what Newman guards himself from being supposed to say.

I have no intention at all [he subjoins in the paragraph that

<sup>1</sup> *Apologia*, Chap. v.

succeeds the passage translated] of denying that truth is the real object of our reason and that, if it does not attain to truth, either the premiss or the process is in fault; but I am not speaking here of right reason, but of reason as it acts in fact and concretely in fallen man. I know that even the unaided reason, when correctly exercised, leads to a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future retribution; but I am considering the faculty of reason actually and historically; and in this point of view, I do not think I am wrong in saying that its tendency is towards a simple unbelief in matters of religion. No truth, however sacred, can stand against it, in the long run; and hence it is that in the pagan world, when our Lord came, the last traces of the religious knowledge of former times are all but disappearing from those portions of the world in which the intellect had been active and had a career.

And in these times, in like manner, outside the Catholic Church, things are tending with far greater rapidity than in that old time from the circumstances of the age—to atheism in one shape or another.

In other words, the exercise of the reasoning faculty in this fallen world, left to the mercies of private judgment which differs, as it is found to differ, almost with each individual mind, will fritter away the recognition of positive truth of all kinds, if it is given time enough to work out the process. This is the premiss from which Newman, in the whole of Chapter v., argues for the necessity of such an institution as the Catholic Church with its authority to teach, if the Christian people are to be held together in unity of Christian belief, or even the people of the world generally in its acceptance of such fundamental truths as the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the future retribution; for private judgment, which is not one but multitudinous, can find agreement only in its negations. Newman, writing in 1864, and for Protestants, not Agnostics, introduced the passage on which "Y" relies, not so much for its own sake, but as an *a fortiori* argument against his opponents of the moment. Their contention was that unaided private judgment could be trusted to get a clear grasp of essential truth in matters of Christian doctrine; Newman's retort is that it cannot be trusted to obtain such a grasp even of the underlying principles of natural religion; and it is to be feared that, had he been living still, he might have clenched his argument by appealing to that of "Y" as a signal illustration of his contention.

S. F. S.

## II TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**Zeppelins  
and  
Morality.**

As Christians we regret that there are very few signs as yet, amongst the Prussian war-lords and their apologists, of recognition of the fact that the moral law is not abrogated by war-conditions. Murder of civilians by Zeppelin and submarine is still part of Germany's war-programme. Count Reventlow's simple maxim runs—"The main thing is to hit the enemy, and to hit him with unbounded ruthlessness where he is vulnerable."<sup>1</sup> And as the enemy is naturally most vulnerable in his undefended towns and unarmed ships there is obviously the place to attack him! But there are happily some tokens that the true character of their Government's policy is becoming known to German Catholics. They are advocating the removal of the notorious "Hymn of Hate" from books intended for the young, and lately they have been warned in the *Stimmen der Zeit* not to take official news as Gospel, and not to imagine that they know the whole truth, whether as regards the origin of the war or the details of its progress. We do not agree with the writer in the *Stimmen* that we must wait "till our time is grey with age" before we can write true history about the war. We know enough, at any rate, from the admissions of our foes themselves and from facts of experience, that, on their side, the quarrel was begun in injustice and is being waged with barbarity. The breach of neutrality, the martyrdom of Belgium, the submarine atrocities, the wanton Zeppelin raids,—these are facts on which only one moral judgment is possible. To excuse them we should have to re-write our theology and, incidentally, rescind several of the Commandments. And we have still to deplore the encouragement given by nominally Catholic papers to the breaches of international morality committed by their Government.

**The Law  
of  
Reprisals.**

One commandment, promulgated under the Old Dispensation, viz., the *lex talionis*, or law of reprisals, was abrogated by the Divine Legislator Himself in the New.<sup>2</sup> There is some danger lest Christians, in the natural irritation caused by outrages such as the Zeppelin raids, should forget this fact. We simply cannot afford to forego the moral advantage which our observance of the laws of Christian warfare, a line of conduct specially praised by the Pope himself,<sup>3</sup> gives us over our adversaries. It is worth far more than guns and men, for it shows that we bear in mind the ideals for which we under-

<sup>1</sup> Article in defence of Zeppelin raids quoted in *Times*, September 14th.

<sup>2</sup> Matt. v. 38—9.

<sup>3</sup> Speaking to Cardinal Gasquet; see *Morning Post*, September 18th.

took the war. Fighting for a Christian cause we are especially bound to fight in accord with Christian morality. It is unthinkable, for instance, that we should, given the opportunity, destroy without provocation a defenceless German passenger liner with all on board. It should be unthinkable that we should bomb the residential quarters of German cities. We must not compete with our foe in iniquity, otherwise we sink to his level and the conflict degenerates into a struggle of lawless savages. Accordingly we cannot but deplore the bombing in June of Karlsruhe, which we understand is not a fortress nor a military centre. On the other hand, if international law or convention which does not involve morality, such as the forbidding of certain weapons, is violated by one combatant, there is obviously no moral obligation on the other to continue to observe it. Consequently reprisals taking the form of the use of fire or poison-gas are lawful, if they serve any military advantage. This distinction is a very necessary one if our moral estimates and moral practice are to be correct.<sup>1</sup> It is largely ignored by the unethical and impulsive "man in the street" who vents his feelings in the papers.

**Repatriation of  
German  
Missionaries.**

One of the saddest consequences of war between Christian nations has been the enfeebling or stopping of missionary enterprise all over the world. Funds and men alike, never too plentiful, have become very much scarcer. Particularly to be regretted is the break-up of the flourishing Mission of Bombay, owing to the coming repatriation, as a measure of imperial policy, of some hundred German Jesuit Fathers from that province. There is apparently no personal reflection on any of these apostolic men; there is no sign of anti-Catholic discrimination on the part of the authorities; the victims are suffering and the Church in Bombay is impoverished simply because German statecraft and German war-conduct have brought the German nationality everywhere into distrust. We are grateful to *The Tablet*<sup>2</sup> and other Catholic papers for the lucid and forcible way in which the case for the missionaries has been put in their columns; we can even go a certain way with a correspondent in the former journal, who seems to regard the occurrence as a Providential means for securing a supply of British missionaries for the British Dominions. But we would point out that, even if feasible, that policy might be pushed to an extreme and do something to disguise the Catholicity of the Church which so wonderfully transcends the barriers of race. It would have gone hard, in earlier days, with the Parthians and Medes and Elamites and the rest

<sup>1</sup> For fuller treatment of this important question, see *A Primer of Peace and War* (King and Son, 2s.), p. 62, § 31, "Reprisals."

<sup>2</sup> September 18 and 25.

of the catalogue if they had insisted on being evangelized and ministered to by men of their own race "in touch and sympathy with their temperament." One of the benefits of being a Catholic is that one has thereby occasion to shed the cramping influence of mere nationality. We may allow that the Briton in India, a member of a small ruling caste in the midst of millions of another mentality, is in an exceptional position, yet we cannot forget that missionaries are sent to India mainly on account of the natives, to whom all Europeans are equally "alien." We are afraid, moreover, that the banishment of Germans will not lessen the inconvenience. *The Tablet* correspondent speaks airily of the "hundreds of British priests" that could supplant the foreign missionaries in India, were funds forthcoming for their maintenance. Unless the Catholic population of the Empire increases enormously in wealth and numbers, neither of these hypotheses seems likely of fulfilment. Catholicity in British India will continue to depend upon the apostolic zeal of the "alien."

**Conscription  
and  
Citizenship.**

Elsewhere in this issue we have spoken somewhat severely of the slacker, but we must be considered to be contemplating the actual type, *i.e.*, the man who, otherwise fit, is prevented from joining his fellows in his country's defence solely by desire of his own ease and gain and safety, although he has heard the call and must recognize the need. True citizenship in a war of this character demands heroism, just as, in the face of persecution, true Christianity may call for martyrs. The ordinary Christian obligations are not so stringent. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments"—this condition is well within the average human competence, given good-will and God's grace. And so in peace time the burden of citizenship sits fairly easily—obedience to law, contribution of goods, occasional personal service. But when the life of the State is threatened, the citizen must be prepared to sacrifice all to defend it. This crisis has never arisen in this country hitherto; hence comes whatever slackness there may be in volunteering. We are faced with a situation unprecedented in our history.

No one doubts the competence of the State to compel if necessary its members to fight in its defence. It may even, in the last resort, call for a levy *en masse*. But the necessity of compulsion would imply a great lack of patriotism in the citizen. A man who won't do his duty because his neighbour won't do his does not realize what duty is. So the credit of this country is largely involved, so it seems to us, in the maintenance of the voluntary system. Granting the feasibility of compulsory service, it would doubtless make for greater efficiency in war and

eliminate the scandal of the slacker. But it could hardly be confined to service in the field. The very idea implies that numbers would be set aside for industrial pursuits, and given no choice as to the character and conditions of their toil. Compulsory labour has an ugly sound, and we cannot wonder at it being called a shorter name. It would be infinitely preferable to convince the workers that their interests, personal and national, lie in their doing their best, that in fighting for the country they are working for themselves in their capacity as citizens, that they are defending their homes and their property. The misfortune is that industrial conditions, tolerated to our shame as Christians, have hitherto prevented them having homes and property of their own to defend.

**Organized Labour  
and  
Syndicalism.**

The lesser strikes which are still occurring in South Wales have a character which gives them a greater importance than is warranted by their magnitude. They are not the usual trade-union strikes, protests against grievances or demands for higher wages. They portend a development of trade-unionism in the direction of Syndicalism, and that is their danger. The miners who struck at Bedwas on September 22nd, and those who struck at Ynyshir the week before, did so because the engineers and others engaged on the surface work of the mines belonged to their own trade-unions and were not members of the South Wales Miners' Federation. In other words, the principle they advocate is unionism by industry, instead of unionism by craft. The result of the application of that principle to coal-mining would be to make a strike much more disastrous than it is. Hitherto when under-surface men have downed tools, those engaged in pumping, ventilating, etc., might continue at work, and save the mines from being put out of use by flooding and the accumulation of gas. But if the whole mining industry were called out on strike at once, the loss to the owners would be immensely greater and the workers would wield a much more powerful weapon. And if the workers finally managed to become proprietors, were it even by purchase, the Syndicalist idea would be realized, and a monopoly established in one of the necessities of life. The way the wind is blowing may be gathered from these little strikes.

**Be at Peace  
with  
thine Adversary.**

It is time, then, that capital came to an understanding with labour, time that the old humane conception of the toiler should return, time that his essential rights should be recognized. He is a man, and entitled to aspire to all that belongs to his human dignity. He is not to be thought of or spoken of as if he belonged to another and inferior race. Some journalists



habitually write of the workers as a sort of caste, doomed to spend their lives in hard, unremitting toil so that others may have ease and leisure. They do not realize that the lower classes are under no more obligation to work than the upper, that they have just as much right to idle as the rich. The original edict—"In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread"—affects the whole race. In an ideal State there would be no working class, because every class would work. And all would be able to proportion labour to leisure, so as to have time to attend to the interests of mind and soul as well as to those of the body. And there is another thought in this connection not to be ignored. When the Minister of Munitions told the Labour Congress that the issue of the war depended on them he admitted that in a democracy it is the multitude who rule. What folly then to irritate and antagonize the multitude! Classes there must ever be: human abilities will always range themselves in some sort of ordered hierarchy; but class friction, class hatred and contempt, are as unnecessary as they are pernicious.

**Anglican  
Misunderstanding  
of Catholicism.**

The Anglican Bishop of Birmingham has been to France and, in a communication to the *Times* recording his impressions, he manages, *more Anglicano*, to express in contiguous paragraphs his admiration for a rebellious and excommunicated priest and for his Grace the Archbishop of Rouen, whose courtesy he seems to have misinterpreted as indicating an heretical latitudinarianism. Taken to task by *The Tablet*,<sup>1</sup> his Lordship explained in the next issue that he felt certain that the Archbishop was in no way disloyal to his own Church. This only shows the difficulty which Anglicans meet and seem unable to surmount in grasping the true nature of Catholicism. The Catholic cannot say, without sinning against faith, that between his religion and any other there is substantial unity of belief. He who offends in one is guilty in all, and the rejection of the one principle of authority, as taught by the Catholic Church, makes all other creeds, however full in content, false and heretical. A Catholic Archbishop would be the last man to ignore or slur over this fact.

Another phrase of the Bishop of Birmingham's letter to *The Tablet* is also an unconscious revelation of Protestant mentality. His tone is thoroughly courteous and sympathetic, and he has not the remotest idea of being offensive, yet he speaks of us Catholics here in England as being "guests of the nation." His Lordship probably believes in the fiction of continuity, so it would not serve to remind him that Roman Catholicism existed in England long before Henry and Elizabeth were heard of. But even if it had been lately introduced, it is the religion of a number

<sup>1</sup> September 18th.

of British citizens and has as much right to be held and practised in England as any other creed. We are not Catholics by permission of the British Government: our claim to worship according to our consciences is a right, not a concession. One had hoped that the tradition of the penal laws had long ago disappeared except amongst the dregs of Protestantism, but it evidently lingers still in the Establishment.

**Restrictions  
on  
Drink.**

Wishing doubtless to avoid a storm to which the controversy about Conscription would be tame, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has ignored the subject of alcoholic drink in his War Budget. So "the Trade," it may be hoped, will submit with more grace to the general restrictions on hours of sale and facilities for treating which, in the interests of industry and efficiency, the Central Control Board, under the "Defence of the Realm Act"—how apt the title in this case!—is gradually extending to all the great industrial centres. These measures are coming not an hour too soon. The Drink Bill for the first half of this war year is a sad commentary on the progress we have made in realizing war-conditions. The money spent in this most useless form of extravagance is nearly eight million pounds in excess of that spent in January—June, 1914. And that in spite of the absence from England of nearly 1,000,000 men! And of course those who could least afford it, soldiers' dependants and friends, have been most profuse in this waste. Happily the measures of restriction, extended to London on September 24th, have already proved most effective. "Sober sailors and punctual workmen" is the *Times* summary of the results, and this is fully borne out by the detailed reports of the chief constables of scheduled areas.<sup>1</sup> In view of the persistent attempts of anti-temperance fanatics to establish the paradox that the more restriction the more drunkenness, these reports are worth studying and remembering. It is external temptation rather than inner desire that makes the drunkard.

**Racial Hatred.**

We are accustomed with perfect justice to stigmatize the cult of hatred preached by German poets and publicists as wholly unchristian. Christianity forbids us to desire irremediable harm to anyone, however grievously they may have offended us; we may certainly desire and procure, in the interests of justice and right order, that offenders should be punished, so that they may repent and make reparation. But an attitude of settled hostility, especially if based on racial considerations, towards any member of the human family is wholly alien to the spirit of Christ. Con-

<sup>1</sup> *Times*, Sept. 25; *Tablet*, Sept. 13, p. 364; *Church Times*, Sept. 3, p. 215.

sequently, we see with regret that the advertisement of that preposterous association called the "Anti-German League," which has for object the everlasting boycott of everything German, *i.e.*, the perpetuation of hostilities after the conclusion of peace, still appears from time to time in the papers. It has no names of any note on its committee, and one may hope that a proposal, as futile as it is fanatical, will ultimately succumb to the contempt it deserves to excite. Happily, it does not commit the nation, any more than do the utterances of those eminent exponents of Christian ethics, Messrs. Blatchford and Bottomley,<sup>1</sup> who nevertheless have the ear of the public to such an extent. Another scheme, mooted in the Press but happily dead in its cradle, was the formation of an "Anglo-Saxon" alliance, to include "Anglo-Saxons" who were American subjects and to exclude presumably the Celtic element which belongs to this Empire. All this exploitation of race is directly antagonistic to Christianity. As we have frequently said, we must destroy Prussianism in our hearts as well as on the Continent, if our victory is really to be the triumph of righteousness.

**The Nietzschean  
in  
our midst.**

As a matter of fact, all the combatants in this world-war are hampered by internal troubles—slackness, divided counsels, selfishness, treachery—in varying degrees. We have our full share, as

this anti-Christian "Anti-German League" indicates. We have also our militarists, men who consciously or without reflection are claiming for the British Empire that world-supremacy which is the evil goal of German ambition. But that is only one phase of the anti-Christian philosophy professed by the Prussian leaders and applauded by many non-Christians in our midst. Before the war no German immoralist was too "advanced" not to have English admirers and defenders. Lord Redesdale a few years ago contributed a eulogistic Preface to the translation of the book which more perhaps than any other has fostered German megalomania—Houston Stewart Chamberlain's *Foundations of the XIX Century*—a preposterous glorification of all things Teutonic, grossly rationalistic in conception and tone.<sup>2</sup> The crude materialism of Haeckel finds its votaries over here, discredited though that "philosopher" be on account of his dishonest methods of argument. Even the unspeakable Nietzsche has his apologists amongst our free-thinkers. A certain Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici is such a one. He has written little books about Nietzsche in the vain attempt to make him palatable to decent men: he has certainly himself imbibed

<sup>1</sup> One of Mr. Bottomley's latest "Kaiserisms" runs as follows: "Woe unto him who throws down the gauntlet to the British Empire. For it is God's Land."—*Sunday Pictorial*, August 29th.

<sup>2</sup> The *Times* now dubs this gentleman "that eminent British renegade." His ridiculous book is well exposed in *Germany's Swelled Head*, by Emil Reich.

his theories of morals. In a recent volume, *A Defence of Aristocracy*, this author does not hesitate to proclaim the divorce between public and private morality which Machiavelli upheld, and which modern Prussian political action so cordially endorses. The following passage will illustrate both the ethical standpoint and the style of this Machiavelli *redivivus*:

There are hundreds and thousands of fools, including Macaulay, with motives far purer than Jesuits and Huguenots, and with minds a million times more confused than that of Frederick the Great, who declare that this is wrong and that political and private morality may and can be reconciled without danger.<sup>1</sup>

So that breach of treaties, murder of non-combatants, and whatever other form of injustice may be thought to conduce to securing political ends, become, according to this Nietzschean, lawful weapons in the hands of the statesman, for he "can afford, for his country's good, to tinker with ruse, craft, deception, dissimulation, without any fear of upsetting his private morals." The end, in other words, justifies the means.

Thus are we variously handicapped. Our money is stolen by dishonest contractors, our plans are sold by traitors and renegades, our efficiency is crippled by shirkers and slackers, and the glorious ideals of justice and right, which inspire and ennoble our sacrifice, are assailed with impunity by this philosophy of the pit. And yet we shall win through.

**Faith  
and  
Superstition.**

A very well-documented and well-informed article in the September issue of *Studies* strikes a highly consoling note concerning the revival of religious thought in France. Its main point is that, wonderful as has been the stimulus afforded by the war, this revival dates from several years before that outbreak, and is due to the felt bankruptcy of the materialistic or hedonistic philosophy to furnish a tolerable theory of life. France has certainly given many other philosophies a trial, and hence the return of so many "intellectuals" to beliefs in the Christian ideals comes with the more assurance of permanence.

Yet religion cannot spread without its counterfeit, religiosity, growing as well. We cannot seemingly have an increase of faith without a corresponding increase of credulity. The "Mons angels" legend, on which we commented last month, is an admirable case in point. The soil that is prepared by God's ploughing is as much exposed to the sowing of tares as of wheat. Another illustration of the same fact is the spread of superstition. Soldiers are particularly liable to this disease. The practice of wearing

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from *The Athenaeum*, Sept. 18, p. 188.

charms or "mascots" for "luck" is natural enough in war, where "luck" is such an important factor in one's personal safety, but unless such objects have a supernatural character given them by the blessing of the Church, and unless they are worn, not under the idea that they have any efficacy in themselves but with the hope of securing God's protection, trust in them is mere superstition unworthy of civilized educated persons. In common with many of our contemporaries we protest against official countenance being given to the practice, as was done when an Army battalion was paraded the other day in order that each man should receive a ridiculous little wooden figure, supposed to bring luck, from the hands of a French actress. Why the vendors of such absurdities are not prosecuted under the Act that prohibits fraud by fortune-telling, etc., it is not easy to see.

**The Pope  
as  
Arbitrator.**

The wisdom of Pope Benedict's attitude towards the various European belligerents is being gradually recognized by all respectable papers, although a dropping-fire still continues from such quarters as the columns of the *Church Times*. In its issue for Sept. 24th, for instance, appears a letter from an Italian repeating simply as an *ipse-dixit*, without the slightest attempt at evidence, the old slander that political prepossessions have prevented the Pope from following the dictates of morality. The method of this particular dialectician may be gathered from the bold premiss of his opening sentence—"All Christians must feel that the Papacy as represented by Benedict has lost the great opportunity," etc., etc. On the other hand, the international or rather supranational position of the Papacy recommends it to an increasing number of thinkers as the ideal seat of the arbitration-principle which is to replace in a better civilization the barbarous expedient of war. Cardinal Gasquet, in the current *Dublin Review*, discusses this idea with much clearness and historical insight. He points out that even at the time of the Vatican Council the growth of armaments provoked apprehension amongst the assembled Fathers, from the simple fact that preparations for war sooner or later lead to war. Yet in our papers we still come across people so blind to the lessons of history as calmly to envisage such another period of unchecked armament competition after this war has run its dreadful course. Universal arbitration, with an international arbiter of justice and morality is certainly the only alternative. But how are Protestant or infidel Governments to be disabused of the notion that the Papacy is a political organization, and that the Church usurps rather than upholds the rights of the State? The removal of that traditional distrust must, we fear, be a very gradual process.

## III NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

## CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Indulgences**, The Doctrine of [A. d'Alès in *Etudes*, Sept. 5, 1915, p. 289].

**"Parousia, The,"** Decrees of Biblical Commission concerning [*Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1915, p. 324].

**Religion**, Primitive, Prehistoric Data concerning [Th. Mainage in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 1, 1915, 569].

## CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Anglicans and French Churches** [*Tablet*, Sept. 18, p. 361; 25th, pp. 396, 409, 1915].

**Bigotry in the United States** [J. E. Graham in *Ecclesiastical Review*, Sept. 1915, p. 282].

**Eastern Church**, The, as it was and is [Rev. W. J. Mulcahy in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Sept. 1915, p. 268].

**Popes as Mediators**, Instances of [*Tablet*, Sept. 18, 1915, p. 379].

**Propagation of the Faith**, Association for [Dom M. Spitz in *Tablet*, Sept. 11, 1915, p. 330].

## POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Alcohol**, The Perils of [Sir Lauder Brunton in *Nineteenth Century*, Aug. 1915]. Excellent effects of restrictions on Sale of Drink [*Tablet*, Sept. 13, 1915, p. 364; *Times*, Sept. 25, 1915, p. 7].

**Anglicanism**; Origins of the Prayer Book [*Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 389].

**Armenian Massacres**, The Pope and [*Tablet*, Sept. 25, 1915, p. 417].

**Celtic Church Architecture** [Alice Dease in *Tablet*, Sept. 25, 1915, p. 394].

**France**, Revival of Religion in [Abbot Cabrol in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 252]. Religion in the French Army [*Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 295]. The Catholic Renaissance in [C. Baussan in *Catholic World*, Sept. 1915, p. 734]. Revival of Catholic Thought in [L. M. Théolier, S.J., in *Studies*, Sept. 1915, p. 454]. The Pro-Germanism of Michelet's *Histoire de France* [J. Bricout in *Revue du Clergé Français*, Sept. 1, 1915, p. 415]. How Birthrate varies with Catholic practice [H. Dauchez in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, Sept. 1, 1915, p. 625].

**Germany**. The Teutonic Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia [Mgr. Barnes in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 272]. Prussianism, Pacificism and Chivalry [Wilfrid Ward in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 209].

**German Jesuits in India**; their defence [*Tablet*, Sept. 18 and 25, 1915].

**International Law**; The Guarantees of International Honour [Cardinal Gasquet in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 363].

**Marriage**; Castellanes-Gould case. Further discussion [*Fortnightly Review* (St. Louis), Sept. 1, 1915, p. 515].

**Poland**, Pastoral of Polish Hierarchy on sufferings of [*Tablet*, Sept. 18, 1915, p. 372]. Plight of the country under three tyrants [G. C. Treacey, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 4, 1915, p. 514].

**Pope's Peace Efforts**, The Press on [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Sept. 18, 1915, p. 641].

**United States**; Origins of the Catholic University of Notre Dame [Wilfrid Ward in *Dublin Review*, Oct. 1915, p. 284].

**War**, Suggestions for the Prevention of [L. S. Woolf in *New Statesman*, July 10, 17, 1915].



# REVIEWS

## 1—THE CONVERSION OF A PRO-GERMAN CATHOLIC<sup>1</sup>

**I**N *La Conversion d'un Catholique Germanophile* M. René Johannet furnishes his readers with some documentary materials well worthy of study for those who would form their judgment on the Catholic aspect of the present situation. The first of the three sections in which the volume is divided, contains, translated from the German into French, the text of Herr Prüm's Open Letter to Herr Erzberger. It is this which forms the substance of the book. The second section merely records the endeavours made by Herr Erzberger and, under pressure applied by the German authorities, by the Luxemburg Government, not to refute, but to suppress Herr Prüm's disconcerting Letter. The third section, which, together with the short *avant-propos* is M. Johannet's contribution to the history of the episode, consists of six *éclaircissements* which supply the key to Herr Prüm's letter, by explaining more fully the character of the facts which his Open Letter presupposes or alludes to.

It is to the Open Letter itself the reader will first turn, moved thereto by his recollection of the shocking sentiments expressed by Herr Erzberger in his article in the *Tag*, at the beginning of this year, in which article he laid down that "In war, if one would conduct it intelligently, one must feel that to be utterly unscrupulous is in reality to show the greatest humanity. If one can destroy London by a method known to one, to do so is much more humane than to let a single German soldier lose his life on the field of battle, since a cure so radical would lead to a more speedy peace. To hesitate and to temporize, to yield to sentimentality and consideration is unpardonable weakness." That such savagery should mark the utterances of Nietzschean philosophers, or even of dechristianized Lutheran pastors like Pastor Schiller, who writes on German hate in the *Vossische Zeitung*, is to some extent in-

<sup>1</sup> *La Conversion d'un Catholique Germanophile. Lettre ouverte de M. Emile Prüm, chef du Parti catholique Luxembourgeois à M. Matthias Erzberger, député au Reichstag, leader du Centre Catholique Allemand. Par René Johannet. Paris: Bibliothèque des ouvrages documentaires. Pp. 191. Price, 2 frs. net. 1915.*

telligible, though unspeakably shocking; but how was it even intelligible on the lips of one who was known as a leader of the German Catholic Centre party? Outside Germany, wherever Catholics are to be found, and doubtless inside Germany too, though it is at present difficult to get news of the German Catholics, these words of a leading German Catholic have caused infinite scandal, but how are they to be explained? We Catholics everywhere have learnt to regard with admiration the valiant Catholic party which, founded by Bishop Ketteler, von Mallindroht, the Reichenspergers, and Windthorst, sustained German Catholicism when it was sought to uproot it by the Kulturkampf. Is that party no longer active, at least to impregnate this awful war with a Christian spirit on the side of their own fellow-countrymen?

But the sad though instructive fact which is brought out by Herr Prüm, and further established in M. Johannet's *éclaircissement*, is that this Centre party, of which we had such high ideas, has undergone in recent years a transformation which has divested it largely of its Catholic character. The main purpose of Herr Prüm's Open Letter is in his description of the unscrupulous violations of all the laws of humanity, and of the utterances of the Church that have affirmed them, which have characterized the German methods of conducting warfare, methods the nature of which Herr Erzberger's brutal words served to illustrate. But he has occasion to refer to this transformation for the worse of the Centre party, which during recent years has "obtained the [doubtful] advantage of a back seat in public life," in return for its acceptance of an interconfessional constitution under the direction of the Protestant element in its membership. In the fourth *éclaircissement* added by M. Johannet an instructive account is given of the stages in this evolution of interconfessionalism which has split the Centre party into two sections, that of Berlin and that of Cologne. These names correspond with the headquarters of the two sections, and are misleading to foreigners, as there are Berlin people in the Cologne section and Cologne people in the Berlin section; and docility to the injunctions of the Holy See is characteristic of the Berlin section, while resentment at its interference in social questions is characteristic of the Cologne section. Still, the names must be accepted, as they have come into use; and what is important to note is that, while the Berlin section is in a minority at present, or was before the war, the Cologne section

is in a large majority, and is extensively protestantized. It is thus that it has been infected with the unchristian spirit that speaks out in Herr Erzberger's articles. It is to be remembered, too, in this connexion, that Herr Bachem, the editor of the *Kölnische Volkszeitung*, is an active member of this Cologne section, which explains the disedifying extracts from that [formerly] Catholic paper that are sometimes cited in the "Through German eyes" columns of our English papers.

From these indications it can be seen how much of sad interest can be gathered from M. Johannet's pages, and in reading them it is well to remember that Herr Prüm is a member of the permanent Committee for the Eucharistic Congresses, and that at the beginning of the present war, repelled by French anti-clericalism on the Western frontier of the little Grand Duchy, and attracted by the spectacle of German Catholicism on the Eastern frontier, he was thoroughly pro-German in his sympathies, and was only converted from the latter by the spectacle of the atrocities committed in Belgium. It should be remembered also that, if a section of the political Catholics of Germany have been dechristianized in the way described, as Herr Prüm testifies from his own observation, "a great part of the German people, and especially the Catholics, have been preserved so far from all direct infection with the Nietzschean philosophy, and have remained true to the Christian faith of their fathers." "This," he affirms, "is absolutely true, and all the districts occupied by German troops confirm it."

## 2—REALIA BIBLICA<sup>1</sup>

"**R**EALIA biblica" is one of the adjuncts to the *Cursus Scripturæ Sacræ*, which, save for the volumes on a few of the deutero-canonical books of the Old Testament and those on the Epistle to the Hebrews and on the Catholic Epistles which are still to come, is now complete, and occupies a substantive place among our Biblical Commentaries. *Realia biblica*, as Father Hagen tells us in his short Preface, originated in this way. He had been asked by several professors of theology to enrich Father Cornely's *Compendium of the Introduction to Holy Scripture*—of which, after Father

<sup>1</sup> *Realia biblica, geographica, naturalia, archæologica quibus Compendium Introductionis biblicæ completur et illustratur.* Auctore Martino Hagen, S.J. Paris: Lethielleux. Pp. viii, 728. Price, 10 fr. 1914.

Cornely's death, it had fallen to his lot to bring out the latest editions—with some appendices on Biblical matters. What he determined was to add to the Compendium some appendices on historical and chronological subjects, and then, in a separate and supplementary volume, to bring together in Lexicon form all that needed to be said on matters of geography, natural history, and archæology. It is this latter which came out towards the close of last year under the title of *Realia biblica*. We may perhaps be allowed a word of regret that this separate volume was allowed to exclude the historical matters, which are inadequately treated in the few appendices Father Hagen has added to the Compendium. It is true these are discussed very fully when the occasion offered in the Commentaries themselves; it is true also that they receive attention in the *Lexicon Biblicum*, the three-volumed work to which *Realia biblica* stands somewhat in the relation of an abridgment. Still so, too, do the *geographica*, *naturalia*, and *archæologica*, which this book of *Realia biblica* comprises. But a compendious account of the historical matters, in the form of a Lexicon, seems as much needed for the use of students as in a compendious account of the others. However, we quite understand that such an extension of the plan Father Hagen had in view might not have been practicable at the time; we can understand, too, that it may be later on.

Confining ourselves to the gift we have received, we can testify that it is thoroughly satisfactory. To pick out detail points from a book of this sort for appreciation, or criticism, is not so easy and is not necessary. It is enough to say that it is a thoroughly practical handbook for its purposes. Its explanations are clear and satisfying, are based on sound scholarship, and are in close touch with the most recent knowledge and discovery. Where it is useful Father Hagen appends to the articles references to the authorities with the aid of which the investigation of the subject can be pursued. But it is wonderful to what an extent one can make the Bible throw light on its own contents by comparing with one another the parallel passages. Of course this is a matter generally known, but this lexicon of *realia* offers a good opportunity for realizing it. Among the longer and more elaborate articles are those on the *Hexameron*, in which the late Father v. Hummelauer's Vision Theory is given the preference over the others that have been propounded; *Sab-*

*batum*, *Chronologia*, *Mensis*, *Hora*, *Mensura*, and *Jerusalem* also stand out. Curiously, the article on *Babylon* is very short, only some thirty lines, though Nineve is dealt with in considerable detail. One is a little surprised that *sanctuarium*, was not utilized to give occasion for a reference to the difficulties which surround the question of the unity of sanctuary. One would have liked too, in the article on *Sabbatum*, to find a reference to the phrase, *Vespere autem sabbati*. But these are small points in a book which contains so much that is informative and valuable.

### 3—INDULGENCES<sup>1</sup>

THE historical introduction to Father Hilgers' new edition of the well-known "Beringer" has already been published separately. Under the name of *Die Katholische Lehre von den Ablassen und deren Geschichtliche Entwicklung*, provided also with a separate index, and two or three useful illustrations, it has met an extremely favourable reception from the critics, and our own view of its value has already been expressed in these pages. But now we have before us the first part of an enormously-developed Beringer, which occupies more than 700 very closely-printed pages, and will, when completed, form the most complete and also, we are glad to add, the most authentic work on Indulgences that has ever seen the light. The amount of patient labour involved in a compilation of this kind is terrible to think of. It is never complete. No sooner has the book been reduced to some sort of orderly arrangement when a new concession of indulgences comes out or a modification of the conditions for gaining an indulgence already granted, and immediately it becomes necessary under pain of incompleteness to make room for these new data. Even in the volume before us we learn that the publishers have found it necessary to insert loose leaves, printed at the last moment, to include new grants or changes sanctioned by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. Still the efforts made by Father Hilgers to keep abreast of his almost impossible task are beyond all praise. Moreover, the fact that this is the fourteenth German edition of the original Beringer shows that these efforts have been appreciated. For the book is not exactly inexpensive. Though produced at a

<sup>1</sup> *Die Ablässe ihr Wesen und Gebrauch*. Erster Band. Josef Hilgers, S.J. Paderborn: T. Schöningh. Price, 8 marks. 1915.

price far less than that which would be necessary if the same mass of printed matter were published in England, the first volume of this new edition costs eight marks. It includes, we may say, a complete and expanded *Raccolta*, a long discussion of such indulgenced objects as scapulars and rosaries, a full account of privileged altars, the Stations of the Cross, the various forms of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Jubilee, etc. The second volume, which will presumably occupy itself with more private grants of indulgences to shrines or individuals, cannot possibly be of the same general interest as the volume before us.

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#### 4—A PICTURE-GALLERY OF NOTABLES<sup>1</sup>

WE trust that when Dr. Holland tells us in his Preface that these sketches are gathered together and published as a sort of prophylactic against the temptation to write an autobiography, he is only indulging in a characteristic little outburst of humour. No "recollections" could be more lively, piquant or interesting than those of the Regius Professor who contrasts so strongly with his very dull predecessors, and of the former Canon of St. Paul's who was not only a very brilliant preacher, but something of a stormy petrel in the religious, political and social life of London. As it is, we have in these separate short chapters, devoted each to an impressionist sketch of some notable personage of the past thirty years, the most lively of picture galleries, in which the foibles of the great, wise and eminent are touched in with as sure a brush as their substantial achievements. The stories told of Temple, Mozley, or Dean Gregory are a sheer joy, as is also the acid sketch of Mr. Chamberlain, and some of the impersonal papers with which the volume concludes, such as those upon "The Doldrums" and "The Tripper's Triumph."

Of course one must take Dr. Scott Holland in moderate doses. This is eminently a book to dip into rather than to read. It is given to few to keep up the white-heat of enthusiasm, in which everything is in the superlative degree of comparison, through thirty-three chapters and three hundred and twenty-two pages. The fortissimo begins to lose its effect

<sup>1</sup> *A Bundle of Memories*. By Henry Scott Holland, D.D., D.Litt. London: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co. Pp. viii, 322. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1915.



too soon. To speak seriously, this has always seemed to us the weakness of that particular section of High Anglicanism which Dr. Scott Holland has for so many years led. It deals so largely in shouting to keep one's courage up. Everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and all the great, wise and eminent are such wonderful people, that it really cannot matter much if they all contradict one another upon the most fundamental subjects. So here we have them all—S. R. Driver, wonderful man! Father Stanton, wonderful man! Henry Sidgwick, wonderful man! Frederick Temple, wonderful man! That not one of them would agree with another as to what the Christian religion is, is a minor detail that fades utterly away from the glowing canvas of the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

We sympathize with Dr. Scott Holland when he comes up against his standing difficulty—the one thing which, in all his writings, always seems to bother him; the thing which, whenever he comes across it, always resists the storming tactics he everywhere so gallantly adopts—we mean the Catholic Church. He is so plainly and eagerly desirous of understanding us, of appreciating us, of putting us alongside of all the rest of the great, wise and eminent. Yet we won't fit in. That good convert, but very neurotic invalid, Adolphe Retté, is so unsatisfying an apologist intellectually. As if any sane Catholic ever put forward Retté as a St. Thomas! Albert de Mun would have done so much, had it not been for the "unfortunate rule" of the last Pope. As if there were no such thing as the French religious renaissance of to-day! And as for Newman—well, we know by this time all about the "hopeless incapacity of Rome to understand and use him." The fact of course is, and we invite special attention to it just now when the Papal neutrality is puzzling so many well-disposed minds, that in every family or society or group there must be domestic features, of temperament or of tradition, which it is simply hopeless for anyone outside to attempt to understand. Dr. Holland will allow as much, and retort that we do not understand the Anglican mind. But that is to miss the point. We rely as against Anglicanism on far more fundamental things than the peculiarities of Anglicans, nor do we bind up the defence of Catholicism with Adolphe Retté or with every step taken at Rome in regard to Cardinal Newman. All we mean to say is that Dr. Holland, as one outside our number for the time

being, cannot realize the incidence, as in our eyes it falls, of matters like those to which we have alluded. It is one of those cases where the psychological method—always Dr. Holland's favoured method of approaching every subject under the sun—breaks down. One has to get on common ground before one can use it, and it is one of the inevitable minor disadvantages of Catholics in their apologetic, that the Mother and Mistress of all Churches necessarily stands somewhat aloof and is something of a mystery. She can explain herself, and does. There is plenty to say, did space permit, about the misunderstandings of men of charity and goodwill like Dr. Holland. But when all is said, the fact remains that till he comes inside, not even all Dr. Holland's psychological insight, nor all his desire to understand with sympathy, will enable him to estimate truly either individual Catholics or the Catholic Church.

#### 5—THE RELIGION OF RUSSIA<sup>1</sup>

WE are just now especially interested in Russia and all that concerns its internal life, and Mr. Bishop, an Anglican clergyman, finds in this circumstance a reason for publishing a little book on the *Religion of Russia*, which he describes as "a study of the Orthodox Church in Russia, from the point of view of the Church in England." From this indication, and likewise from the fact that the book is published by the Anglican Society of SS. Peter and Paul, it can be gathered that the author is of the number of those who hope for a corporate union between his own Church and the Eastern Orthodox Church in the first place, and then for the further inclusion in the reunited body of the Church in communion with the Holy See. At the same time this little book is not of an argumentative, still less of a controversial character, but merely a record of the impressions formed by the author of the religious beliefs and habits of the Russian people, based mainly on a stay of some five months in the country village of Tchoutovke, in the Ukraine—a qualification to estimate which aright, the author pleads, perhaps with justice, that "the Russians are essentially a race of country folk." "Town life," he says, "generally spoils a Russian, for he is not in his proper environment, and it follows that those who desire to

<sup>1</sup> By the Rev. G. B. H. Bishop, Vicar of Cardington, Salop. London: Society of SS. Peter and Paul. Pp. vii, 94. Price, 5s. net. 1915.

know the real Russia must seek her not in the large towns, but in the more congenial surroundings of the country-side."

Mr. Bishop has some quiet chapters on the History of the Russian Church, its Public Worship, Faith and Practice, its clergy and laity, together with one which is directly on his own personal impressions. His accounts do not go very deep and are not always quite correct; for instance, he says much too positively that the Orthodox Church holds that "the grace of Confirmation may be extinguished by heresy and schism," and similarly that "the Easterns deny the indelibility of Holy Orders." The Orthodox are not so precise and consistent in their religious beliefs as the Catholics, and some of them might use the language which the author attributes to them all. On the other hand, when referring to the Eastern use of Extreme Unction he says that "any person who is seriously ill is regarded as a fitting recipient," he need not be "*in articulo mortis*," this last clause seems meant to assert by implication that in the Catholic Church this sacrament can only be administered to those *in articulo mortis*. Of course the correct doctrine of Catholicism is that the fit recipient must be *in periculo mortis*; that they should wait till death is imminent is what we are always admonishing our people not to do. It is a minor matter that he states that in the East "the title of *Archbishop* is a purely honorary one, conferred in recognition of good service." In truth, if we are not mistaken, whilst the head of an ecclesiastical province in the East is called the Metropolitan, the principal suffragan of the province is called the Archbishop. A graver matter is the author's disposition to explain the schism between East and West by throwing the blame on both sides. He has evidently not read the story of the separations under Photius or Michael Cerularius, or that of the negotiations for reunion at Florence, and the abortive ending of that reunion so soon after it was accomplished. The Easterns do not come well out of the affair.

These are points in which a little correction is required, but the spirit in which the book is written is pleasing, especially in the picture it sets before us of the *ethos* of the Russian peasant:

We who, as a nation, have almost forgotten the name of God until we require something at his hands, we decry the Russian peasant to whom religion is the salt of life because he does not always act up to his profession. He knows that he is a sinner,

ignorant, weak, and sorely tried, and he knows that God is merciful. So he goes to Confession and the Liturgy for his needs, he reads the Gospels (translated for him into dozens of dialects and tongues) and in his declining years he goes on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, enduring great hardships on the way, to trace the Via Dolorosa, and bedew with his tears the "life-giving Tomb."

The book is illustrated by twenty excellent plates.

## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**T**HE literal translation of St. Thomas' *Summa*, by the English Dominican Fathers, proceeds on its appointed course notwithstanding the war. The latest volume gives us the treatise on Law, which is of special interest at the present time. The work, as our readers may remember, is issued by Messrs. Washbourne at the low price of 6s. net for each substantial and well-bound volume.

### APOLOGETIC.

In England, *Our Lord's Last Will and Testament*, by the Rev. Herman Fischer, S.V.D., has proved so valuable and popular an exposition of the Cause of Foreign Missions that we are by no means surprised that the Mission Press of Techny, Ill., the publishing house of the author's Order, has brought out an edition for American use, and at the low price of 60 cents. It has been slightly adapted to meet the special needs of its public, but stands in its main lines the same informing and inspiring book that many of us on this side have so long and so highly valued. We wish it a great and fruitful circulation in the States.

From Messrs. Tralin, of Paris, comes a *Solution du Grand Problème* (price 2 francs), by M. A. Dellone, of the Ecole Polytechnique, motivated by the present tribulations of France and the questionings they seem to have revived in hearts apparently hitherto hardened against all sense of spiritual things. The "problem" is that of suffering and of death. The solution is simply that which the Catholic Church, now as always, holds out. But it is presented so concisely, so clearly, so attractively that we are assured that many who would be repelled by an exhaustive or a dry treatise, will find in it satisfaction of the mind and consolation of the heart. Through the Existence of God, the spirituality and immortality of the soul, the need of a revelation, and its fulfilment in Christ and His Church, M. Dellone leads us successfully from the problem to the solution. His intimate and attracting treatment of these high themes should make his little book as popular as it is satisfying.

### DEVOTIONAL.

From Messrs. Washbourne comes the first European Edition, completing 20,000 copies, of the booklet on Vocation by Father F. Cas-

silly, S.J., entitled **What shall I be?** which we so strongly recommended a short time ago on its appearance in America. We are, indeed, glad that it has been found possible to issue this admirable little book at so low a price as threepence. We cordially wish it yet a second twenty-thousand circulation on this side of the water.

From that enterprising house, The Mission Press, of Techny, Ill., U.S.A., comes a short devotional book for young people on **The Lord's Prayer** (price 40 cents), which, as indicated on the title-page, is "profusely illustrated." We are bound to say we could have done without some examples of the profusion—particularly the boy in his nightshirt, mounted upon a very throne-like *prie-dieu*, and "Saying His Morning Prayer" in a very strong lime-light, and with a very elaborately-composed countenance. The contents of the book are, however, excellent: they are very live and actual without any too great descent, and they are alike admirably practical and affective.

#### WAR BOOKS.

To those who know the beautiful *cols* of the Vosges, whether personally or through the vivid pages of *The Path to Rome*, M. Louis Colin's **Les Barbares à la Trouée des Vosges** (Bloud and Gay: price 3.50 frs.) will be of especial and tragic interest. Over the Schlucht, Bonhomme, Donon and Sainte Marie the "barbares" poured after the first unhappy offensive and precipitate retirement of the French. How they behaved themselves, Bavarians and Catholics largely we regret to say, this volume of evidence gathered at first hand bears terrible witness. Allowing as much as we can for possible exaggerations, and for the personality of a very impressionable author, the story remains a horrible one, rivalling almost that of the first outrages on the Belgian plain and in the Ardennes, lightened though it be by pictures of striking heroism on the part of the clergy and religious women of the invaded districts. The stories of the martyrdom of the curés of Luvigny, Allarmont and La Voivre, told with abundance of corroborative detail, form, indeed, a striking tribute to the fortitude of the country clergy of France. M. Maurice Barrés contributes a distinguished Preface, and thirty-two excellently-clear illustrations at once recall to the reader one of the most delightful districts in France and testify to the savagery that has so largely laid it waste. We commend this work very heartily to British Catholics as illuminating remarkably a phase of the war which is of typical importance, yet perforce escapes to a large extent their detailed attention.

Under the same auspices as the *Guerre Allemande* appears an excellent series, **Pages Actuelles** (Bloud and Gay, Paris: price 6d. each), containing at present some thirty-five numbers. From the importance of the essays and the authority of their writers, they may be compared to our own *Oxford Pamphlets*, to which they form a French counterpart. We may single out a few numbers in which this supplements the Oxford series—M. Jullian on the *Sens National*, M. Bergson on *La Signification de la Guerre*, and Cardinal Amette's Allocutions, *Pendant la Guerre*. But of all the series we have been most struck by the letters of Mgr. Mignot, the famous Archbishop of Albi, *Confiance, Prière, Espoir*—a little volume worthy of a great philosopher, a great theologian, and a

great Frenchman, which we trust may be widely circulated in England also. We have been glad to notice that several of the *Pages Actuelles* are on sale at the London bookshops, including that of Messrs. Burns and Oates.

One of the most useful of the series, for propaganda among neutrals, is *L'Allemagne et la Guerre*, by M. Albert Sauveur, Professor of Metallurgy in Harvard University. A powerful counterblast to the efforts of Münsterberg and his kind, it should do much to help American understanding of the war. Its defined purpose is to press the active adhesion of the States to the Allied cause, for reasons both of justice and of self-interest; but its destructive analysis, one by one, of the favourite theses of German propagandists in the States, gives it a value independent of this. Another volume, consisting largely of extracts from the diplomatic documents, is that of M. Henri Welschinger, *Les Leçons du livre Jaune*. These are well selected, and preceded by an introduction which, with judicial restraint, points out the only conclusion to which they can lead.

We may also select as of special importance two volumes, by Abbé Griselle, formerly of Lille, and another by M. Mélot, deputy of Namur, entitled *Le Martyre du Clergé français* and *Le Martyre du Clergé belge*. The latter draws largely on material already available in England in the Report of Lord Bryce's Committee and in Cardinal Mercier's Pastoral, but there is vivid additional detail, and M. Mélot gives us an admirable and concise view of the position of Belgian Catholicism generally, in view of the barbarian invasion. The former should be read by all English Catholics, giving as it does, a summary of events scarcely less horrible than those in Belgium, though much less known amongst us. The death of Père Véron, S.J., already described in our pages, is but one horror out of the many here described. Père Griselle makes great use of the remarkable Pastoral of the Bishop of Nancy, of February last, which we would wish to see translated into English and circulated with that of the Belgian Cardinal. The volume by "Vindex," entitled *La Basilique Dévastée*, presenting the "facts and documents" concerning the outrages upon the Cathedral of Rheims is hardly so satisfactory. It gives us even less than any diligent collector of cuttings from the English press already possesses, and is padded out with lengthy quotations from the various messages of condolence that poured into Rheims from all parts of the world. "Vindex" misses entirely the careful and conclusive reports of famous British and American architects, who by the courtesy of the French Government made a careful professional examination of the structure after the earlier bombardments.

To a less extent the same remark applies to a much larger and more important work published by Mgr. Baudrillart's Committee, *Le Supplice de Louvain* (Bloud and Gay: price 1.50 frs.), by M. Raoul Narsy. We could have spared the twenty pages of reprinted messages of condolence. But they do not detract from the importance of this authoritative and well-documented statement of what happened at Louvain at the hands of Major Manteuffel and his associates in crime. To the bibliography on pp. 192—193, possessors of the volume should now add a reference to the enemy testimony given at length from *De Tijd* in the *Tablet* of September 4, 1915, pp. 296—7. The Louvain story is of course specially well known to the readers of the English papers, Catho-



lic and secular, but M. Narsy's volume adds a few facts worth preserving. As a general statement of the case, brought together in one volume, it is equally useful and satisfying.

The tract, **Why Germany will be defeated**, described as written by "a Prussian, for over twenty-five years a naturalised British subject" (Garden City Press, Letchworth: price 6d. net), has attracted widespread attention in the secular press, and deservedly. It is written carefully from a solely political and sociological standpoint, yet we can hardly be mistaken in detecting in it the hand of one of our most fervent Catholic apologists. The analysis of the "state of cultivated decadence" into which modern Prussia has fallen morally, the roots of it in a scientific materialism, and in the abandonment of Historic Christianity, together with certain observable idiosyncrasies of style and favourite lines of general apologetic, all point the same way. Be this as it may, both the argument and the personal testimony of the author form an important contribution to the wider issues raised by the war. We have room to quote only one striking piece of evidence: "At one of the German Universities some years ago, I found to my amazement that, outside the definitely Catholic element, there was not a single professor or student who believed in the existence of God or in man's survival of physical death. . . . Such notions were universally regarded as wholly unscientific and out of date." The force of the pamphlet is much strengthened by the fact that the writer's tone is throughout compatible with a true affection for the land of his origin.

Few books on the moral and religious issues raised by the war have seemed to us so striking and so helpful as Canon Scott Holland's **So as by Fire** (Wells Gardner and Co.: price 2s. net). The Canon's highly emotional and rhetorical style is certainly backed by a brilliant intellect and a great spiritual fervour. The argument reconciling the war with Divine Providence, and that on the Sermon on the Mount and the ethics of non-resistance, are both of them splendid pieces of work, and as heartening to the will as they are satisfying to the mind. The Canon's very picturesque method, however, leads him sometimes into positions which call quite loudly for benevolence of interpretation. There is a passage in chapter two which would get the Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford into trouble if he were a pupil of the humblest professor in the most obscure of Diocesan Seminaries—though it is correct enough in intention. Still this, and a few similar slips are not sufficiently serious to affect greatly the value of a stirring little book.

In our lengthy references to Mr. Arthur Machen's **The Bowmen** in our September issue, we omitted to state that its publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall and Co., Ltd., and the price one shilling net.

In addition to Mgr. Baudrillart's Catholic Committee of propaganda, a non-religious organization, including such men as M. Bergson, M. Boutroux, and M. Seignobos is also doing useful work. Its secretary, M. Duskheim, has, together with M. Denis, produced a careful short analysis of the diplomatic documents preceding the war, which is circulated in English under the title of **Who wanted War?** (Colin: price 50 centimes). It covers much the same ground as Mr. Hassall's and Sir E. T. Cook's well-known pamphlets, but adds to them some useful criticism of post-bellum German attempts at apology. A shorter and more popular tract on the same lines is that of M. Daniel Bellet, carry-

ing us also further back into the roots of the trouble, *Ce qu'il faut savoir des Origines de la Guerre* (Plon: price 50 centimes). M. Paul Duden's *La Guerre; Qui l'a voulue?* (Lethielleux: price 50 centimes) is devoted more closely to a critical examination of the fatal week previous to the outbreak, though it ends with a judicious chapter on the attitude of neutral Catholics, particularly of countries where there were considerable German sympathies at the outset. An illuminating quotation from Maximilien Harden, with which it closes, should do much to open their eyes.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Our readers are well acquainted with "Mary's Meadow," and will, we are sure, be glad to have in permanent form "The Heavenly Rune-craft," "The Disappearance of Susaï," and the other papers which have already appeared in our columns. By purchasing Mrs. Armel O'Connor's *Mary's Meadow Papers* (Alston Rivers: price 5s. net) they will obtain in addition much more of the charming "Meadow" literature, which has appeared elsewhere. It is a literature, of course, that needs for its appreciation the sympathetic mind and the understanding heart. Both Mr. O'Connor, in his disarming Preface, and Mrs. O'Connor, repeatedly throughout the Papers, admit as much. Very personal and intimate, of a studied, almost a calculated simplicity, yet displaying the artistic purpose in every page, the Papers are in a literary method very difficult to handle without allowing the sense for reality to suffer. Only a transparent and manifest sincerity can carry the thing through, and that this is beyond question every reader of Mrs. O'Connor well knows. Our enjoyment of the charm, the multiple play of fancy, the slightly exotic idealism, that clothe "Mary's Meadow" as with a mist shot with many colours, need not be the less, even if we feel that objectively we must allow ourselves reservations. Externals doubtless help character—a truth upon which Mrs. O'Connor's whole structure is raised—but most of us would be very badly off if we had to wait for the house of our dreams in order to build it up. Many moralists would hold that the strongest characters are those which are moulded by the right handling of adverse and uncongenial externals. Still, take "Mary's Meadow" as the expression of a beautiful and spiritual ideal, and it is all charm. The book is very worthily produced by its publishers, and would make an admirable and very wholesome prize or gift.

Two volumes of essays of exceptional interest reach us from Messrs. Gill of Dublin, both published at the low price of one shilling each. *The Will and the Way* is a volume dealing with various practical questions of present-day Irish life, and is the joint product of a number of Irish priests, mostly of the younger generation. Their topics vary from such large matters as Irish Historical Study, treated by Mgr. Fahey and Canon d'Alton, and the Irish Language, by Father T. O'Kelly, down to Parochial Libraries and sketches of the Fair of Carman and of a trip to Tory Island by Fathers Patrick Murphy and R. Fullerton. These essays, short as they are, are very provocative of thought; they open up a world of principles, of ideals, of problems, which every one who has a sense of responsibility for his political obligations towards the Sister Island, should make himself acquainted with. And to the English Catholic they should prove of a double value—as indeed they will if they induce him to abandon even for a little his attitude of insular aloofness, and

learn something of the ideas and purposes of those who have been to the world such exemplars in the Faith.

The other volume, **The Writings on the Walls**, is of a very different character. "Conall Cearnach" gives us here the diversions of a scholar, and a very considerable scholar too, in a series of essays which are manifestly the bye-paths of a life devoted at once to Ireland and to sound learning. Much curious lore is unfolded for our pleasure and instruction in the articles on "The Irish Dante," on "Sun Worship," on "Chinese Poetry," and on "The Rule of Health." But what is most calculated to astonish and impress the non-Irish reader is the philological articles. "Patriotism and Language," "The Art of Writing," and "Irish the Master Key of Linguistics," are indeed startling in their claims and in the evidence they adduce. As a practical teacher of Hebrew, "Conall Cearnach" enlarges on the phonetic richness of Irish, as well as its grammatical and syntactical antiquity, as proof of its value as a general basis for linguistic study. Not only the Slavonic, but the Semitic, Indian, and even the Chinese, Japanese and Mexican systems, he maintains, become practicable phonetically, and intelligible grammatically to one who has mastered Irish, to a degree absolutely barred to the merely English student. If so, there ought to be here a new basis for *entente* between the two countries, in not simply the restoration of Irish in Ireland itself, but its introduction into the universities of England.

We have received from the T'uswei Press at Shanghai, which has already done so much for Sinological studies, the revision by Father M. Kennelly, S.J., of the **List of the Cities, Towns, and Open Ports of China and Dependencies** in Richard's Geography of the Chinese Empire. Father Kennelly has already submitted that important work to a thorough revision as a whole, as well as the Large Map of the same geographer. The present publication is frankly intended to meet the needs of the business community in China or concerned with China, though its Preface clearly indicates points of interest for the scholar. It is in any case pleasant to feel that the long service of the Jesuit Society to Sinology, is no mere matter of academic scholarship, but ministers now as ever to the practical needs of mankind.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The Society of the Divine Word has added to its many useful little publications yet another tract upon Vocation—**The Call of Christ**, by the Rev. H. J. Fischer, S.V.D. (Mission Press, Techny, Ill.: price 5 cents). It deals specially with the vocation to the foreign mission field, and is eminently calculated by its incisive as well as effective style to bring many a recruit to a sadly undermanned army. It gains much in force by its ample allowance of striking statistics, illustrating at once the need of workers and the present inadequate supply.

The penny C.T.S. booklets include Dr. A. Fortescue in **Russia and the Catholic Church**, a very useful clue to a very thorny subject. Russia is a puzzle to most observers and in nothing more enigmatic than in ecclesiastical matters. It is consoling to learn from Dr. Fortescue's pages that the Russian intolerance towards Catholicism belongs rather to the State than to the Church, and may be trusted to disappear under a more liberal regime. **The Duty of Prayer**, by Dom Roger Hudleston,

O.S.B., is a luminous and persuasive disquisition upon one of the most important and most neglected of our obligations. Fiction is well represented by two excellent stories by the late Miss L. E. Dobrée, **Among the Saucepans** and **Father Carlton's Offerings**. More enthralling than any fiction, and incidentally bringing together many valuable testimonies to the revival of religion in France is the compilation, **More Stories of the War**.

In the *Irish Messenger* Series two recent pamphlets are worth particular attention, both from the pen of Father Peter Finlay, S.J. **The Church and her Marriage Laws** is a lucid exposition of a subject often misunderstood and even wilfully travestied by non-Catholics. **The Church and Anti-Clericalism** is a no less valuable explanation of the attitude of the Church towards the State, and of the proper status of ecclesiastics. Now when, in a lately-published volume, a member of the Irish Party is trying to stir up anti-clericalism in these islands, this little tract will be especially useful.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- ALSTON RIVERS, London.  
*Mary's Meadow Papers*. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. Pp. viii. 182. Price, 5s. net.
- BLOUD & GAY, Paris.  
*Pages Actuelles*, Nos. 12, 15 and 51. Price, 60 centimes each. *Les Barbares à la Tronée des Vosges*. By Louis Colin. Pp. xvi. 354. Price, 3.50 frs. *L'Allemagne et la Guerre Européenne*. Par Albert Sauveur. Pp. 72. *Les Leçons du livre Jaune*. Par Henri Welschinger. Pp. 144. *Le Supplice de Louvain*. By Raoul Narsy. Pp. vi. 208. Price, 1.80 frs. *La Vie héroïque*. By A. D. Scritillanges. Price, 30 centimes.
- BURNS AND OATES, London.  
*A Journal in France*. By T. W. Allies. Pp. xvi. 380. Price, 6s.
- COLIN, Paris.  
*Who Wanted War?* By E. Duskheim and E. Denis. Pp. 64. Price, 50 centimes.
- GILL, Dublin.  
*The Will and the Way*. By Irish Priests. Pp. 128. Price, 1s. *The Writings on the Walls*. By Connall Cearnach. Pp. 96. Price, 1s.
- KEGAN PAUL & CO., LTD., London.  
*Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine*. Edited by Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. Pp. xvi. 360.
- IMPRIMERIE DE T'OU-SE-WE, Shanghai.  
*Martyrologium Soc. Jesu*. Edited by Père H. Dugout. Second Edition. Pp. iv. 104.
- LA NOUVELLE REVUE, Paris.  
*Kaiseriana*. By Paul-Louis Hervier. Pp. 228. Price, 3.50 frs.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.  
*Vengeons nos Mortes*. By Ch. Grandmougin. Pp. 132. Price, 1.50 frs. *Nos Alliés du Ciel*. By the Abbé S. Coubé. Pp. xxviii. 244. Price, 3 frs. *La Guerre, qui l'a voulu?* By Paul Dudon. Second Edition. Pp. 62. Price, 50 centimes.
- PICARD, Paris.  
*L'Université de Louvain*. By Paul Delannoy. Pp. xx. 230. Price, 3.50 frs.
- PLON, Paris.  
*Ce qu'il faut savoir des Origines de la Guerre*. By Daniel Bellet. Pp. 60. Price, 50 centimes.
- PUSTET, New York.  
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